The Outlook

Volume 140 May 20, 1925 Number 3

The Repulse of the Rum-Runners

RUM ROW, off New York, is broken up, at least temporarily. Liquor smugglers all along the coast are in distress. The "dry navy" has won an engagement, if not a war. The determined drive against liquor smugglers, begun when General Lincoln G. Andrews became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and took over active direction of the Prohibition Unit, has shown that the Government can, when it genuinely tries, make itself effective in the enforcement of prohibition.

The attack on Rum Row was at once grim and spectacular. Great numbers of United States Coast Guard vessels, under command of Admiral Billard, went into action against the lawless craft. It was a siege at sea. The effort was not only to prevent the landing of liquor, but to shut off supplies of food and water to the rum ships until they should be compelled to return to their home ports, or at least to make port outside of American territory. Actual violence remained not for the attacking Government forces, but for the rum fleet or its sympathizers or paid agents. There was a case of kidnapping of a Coast Guard officer. Cases of sabotage against Coast Guard vessels were reported. These, however, availed nothing and the campaign of starvation soon compelled the rum fleet to disintegrate.

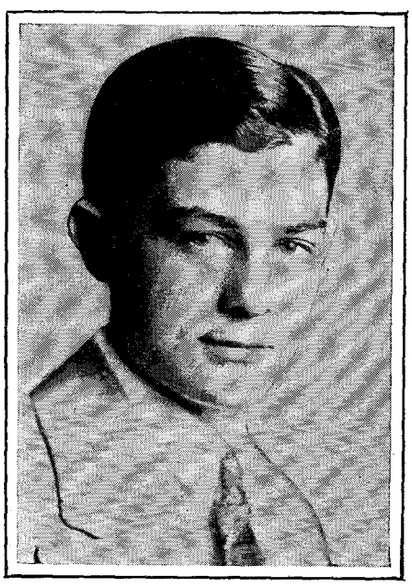
One by one, the dingy craft of the Row weighed anchor and put to sea. Coast Guard vessels, however, clung to their flanks even in retreat to prevent their making contact with shore elsewhere along the coast. Once the rumor was out that the bulk of the rum fleet was making for Chesapeake Bay, where the innumerable indentations would afford endless opportunity for illicit trade with Baltimore and Washington. But the Coast Guard had stationed a line of boats between the capes. Atlantic City was reported as another objective of the rum ships, but there, too, the Coast Guard line was closely drawn.

Nobody knows where all of the ships went when they forsook their moorings off New York, but a despatch from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, indicated what they were doing. "Two ships," it said, "their decks piled high with cases of liquor, made port to-day from Rum Row off New York." These ships offered their rum and whisky at the bargain rates of $5 a gallon for the former and $12 a case for the latter. At the same time bootleggers' prices in New York were reported to have gone up to $48 a gallon for Scotch whisky.

But Rum Row is not entirely deserted. Some of the ships hold out against the siege. Others will come, undoubtedly. Many of those that have gone will not give up the effort to land their cargoes elsewhere along the coast, and some will succeed. Admiral Billard is far from regarding the war as won. He is determined to "fight it out along this line if it takes all summer"—and it will. What he has done is to prove that the Government of the United States can make effective war against illicit liquor craft.

"Ordered Liberty"

MASTER ROBERT SESSIONS, of Birmingham, Alabama, has achieved a measure of fame which would turn the heads of many far older than he. Youth, however, is less likely than maturity to fall a victim to destructive vanity, and this young Southerner will doubtless come unscathed through the ordeal of being pronounced the best orator among high school pupils in the United States. In achieving that distinction he defeated 1,400,000 boys and girls in the high



Robert Sessions, Birmingham, Ala.

Eugene F. McElmeel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Max N. Kroloft, Sioux City, Ia.

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schools of the country, that almost inconceivable number having entered the initial contests in the schools.

The final contest, with seven participants from as many sections of the country, was held in Washington. The contestants were welcomed by President Coolidge, who told them that they and their fellows may be laying the foundation for a genuine constitution of nations. The judges were four Justices of the Supreme Court and the Attorney-General of the United States. As the Constitution was the subject of all the orations, these of all men in the world possess pre-eminent qualifications for acting in the capacity of judges. The millions of persons who listened on the radio will, we believe, generally agree that, though all of the young people did surprisingly well, there was hardly room for two opinions as to where the award should go. Young Sessions richly deserved both the honor and the money prize of $2,000. Honors and money prizes only a little less dazzling than those won by Sessions went to Eugene F. McElmeel, of Los Angeles, who received the second highest grade, and Max N. Kroloft, of Sioux City, Iowa, who was in third place. All of the seven contestants received substantial rewards.

These annual oratorical contests, of which the one just held was the second, are financed by newspapers over the country for the purpose of encouraging study of the Constitution of the United States by boys and girls in the high schools of the country. It follows, therefore, that others than those who participated in the finals are winners. All of the 1,400,000 who entered the initial contests won by their study something decidedly worth while. And doubtless other millions who did not prepare orations were equally benefited by the study of the Constitution which the contest stimulated.

After all, the real winner is the United States of the future.

Uncle Sam, Host

THERE are reasons for fearing that this country did not appear at its best as host to the International Council of Women, which recently held its quinquennial meeting in Washington. In the meetings proper everything was much as it should have been, but storms of folly and of passion raged not far off. To begin with, [illegible] raised a cry before the Council met that it [illegible] was a pacifist organization and an ally of Bolshevism. There was, of course, no foundation for this alarm. But it was never wholly allayed.

The International Council of Women, made up of representative women from forty-eight nations, proceeded to consider all of the numerous things in which it is interested—and these things pretty thoroughly embrace the welfare of society—and finally came to a consideration of matters pertaining to the maintenance of peace, to the prevention of war. The resolutions adopted were thoroughly sane and safe. General disarmament was recognized as an object to be worked for, but there was recognition too that it cannot be approached too fast. Gradual simultaneous disarmament by agreement between governments was held to be a necessary preliminary to anything approaching complete disarmament. "Nations," it was specifically said, "will not agree to disarm until they feel some sense of security."

On the whole, there is nothing in the peace resolution of the International Council of Women, save only the reference to the League of Nations, that Calvin Coolidge might not have said officially as President of the United States, nothing differing very much from what he has thus said. And, considering the fact that a majority of the forty-eight nations represented in the Council are members of the League of Nations, there can be no legitimate objection to that mention. American delegates properly refrained from participating in the discussion of the League of Nations and from voting on that portion of the resolution, which fact does not any more indicate that they are opposed to the League of Nations exerting its influence to bring about a neighborliness of nations than the fact that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations means that the United States opposes the practical work which the League is doing.

A Badly Timed Protest

RACE prejudice flared up in connection with the meetings of the International Council of Women. An evening of Pan-American music was given in a theater. It formed no part of the proceedings of the Council, but was in the nature of an entertainment for the women of other countries attending the meetings. A chorus of Negroes, a hundred strong, from the various colleges was to sing the old Negro spirituals of which the colored people have been so justly proud.

At the theater, in accordance with the general custom in Washington, whites and Negroes were segregated. The Negro performers took offense at this and refused to sing. Negroes in the audience quietly left. Some of the leaders among Negro women denounced the incident of segregation the next day as an insult to the race.

Here was another great misfortune. It is not necessary to consider in this connection the question of whether segregation of Negroes in theaters is right or wrong. If the admission were made that it is fundamentally and unalterably wrong, that would not change the fact that this was neither the time nor the place to make protest against it. Segregation has long been practiced in Washington at all public entertainments where the two races appear together. Negroes of Washington—and those from elsewhere throughout the country who have been in Washington for such entertainments—have accepted it by attending theaters and other places of entertainment where segregation is practiced. The time to protest by "going on strike" was not when they themselves were to furnish the entertainment, and that before an audience so nearly world-wide as the International Council of Women.

Beyond doubt it was unpleasant to the Negro performers to see the women of their race assigned places in the theater apart from the women of forty-eight other nationalities. But those performers were supposed to be serving the cause of the Negro contribution to American music, and it is one of the greatest of all contributions. A peevish feeling should not have been permitted to divert them from their duty. The motive, doubtless, was good—a belief that they were upholding the dignity of their race—but the quality of judgment exercised was poor.

These Negro singers were not, however, by any means the only persons who exercised poor judgment in connection with the meeting of the International Council of Women. They were far surpassed in that regard by those Washing-

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Know the nature of their crimes

(Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 3)

Orr in the Seattle Daily Times

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

The wolves

From Robert Rockwell, Seattle, Wash.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald

Another vexatious "where to park" problem

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

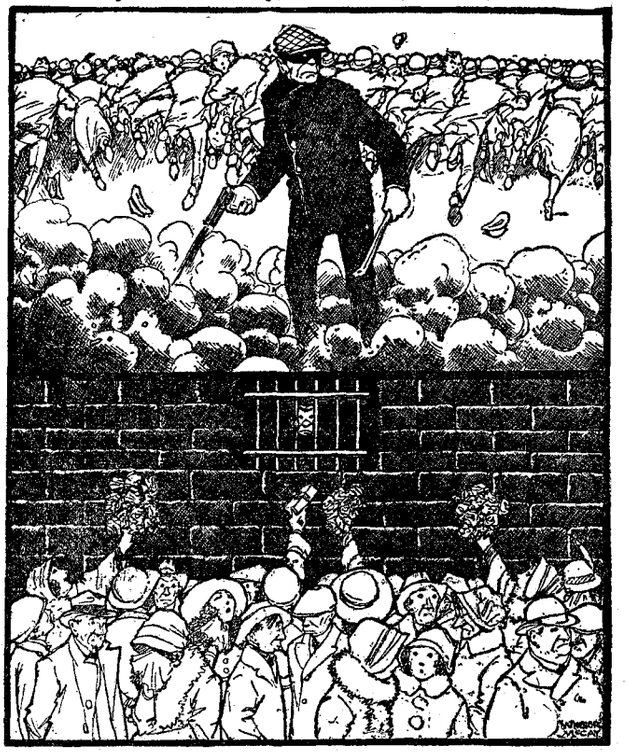
"I SHOULD WORRY! NOTHING HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ME—
CRIME WAVE
ANY DAILY PAPER
BANK ROBBED
THREE MEN KILLED IN BOOTLEGGER WAR
ROBBER KILLS CASHIER
FILLING STATION ROBBED
HOLD-UP MAN SHOOTS VICTIM

Copyright, 1925, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Their best friend

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

McCay in the Rocky Mountain (Denver) News



Before and after

From Mrs. C. E. Mogg, Fort Collins, Colo.

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ton newspapers which saw fit to treat the entire meeting in a spirit of near levity.

Long-Range Weather Forecasting

THE difference of opinion that has long existed between the United States Weather Bureau and the Astrophysical branch of the Smithsonian Institution concerning the feasibility of long-range weather forecasting came to a climax at the recent meeting in Washington of the American Society of Meteorologists. Professor Charles F. Marvin, Chief of the Weather Bureau, and Dr. C. G. Abbot, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, came to grips in debate. Dr. Abbot has long contended that scientific means have been found by which the weather can be accurately foretold for much longer periods than the Weather Bureau attempts. Professor Marvin has as steadily maintained that, while long-range forecasting might be theoretically possible, no practical means for doing it are known. At the end of the argument Professor Marvin admitted that he was sufficiently impressed to be willing to co-operate fully with the Smithsonian observers in an effort to find common ground.

The probability is that some arrangement will be made by which the Weather Bureau will undertake to make forecasts of fairly long range. Perhaps laymen, indulging their time-honored skepticism of the progress of meteorology, may be pardoned for holding the opinion that the long-range forecasts are not likely to be much more inaccurate than the short-range ones.

Dr. Abbot contends that the weather can be foretold for long periods by variations from time to time in the measure of heat that the earth receives from the sun. Professor Marvin replies that there is no assurance that the variations recorded actually are variations in solar radiation. Dr. Abbot retorts that it makes no difference so far as weather forecasting is concerned whether the variations are on the sun, the earth, or some distant star, so long as they actually enable observers to predict weather. At the meeting of meteorologists he presented H. H. Clayton, former forecaster for the Argentine Government, to show that they do this.

Dr. Abbot began the measurement of solar radiation with Dr. Langley many years ago, and has continued the work on an extensive scale since Dr. Langley's death. He has a station on Mount Montezuma, in Chile, and another on Mount Harqua Hala, in Arizona.

In a forthcoming issue The Outlook will publish an article on the question "Are Long-Range Weather Forecasts Possible?" by Robert de C. Ward, Professor of Climatology at Harvard.

Our Guest, the Dean

AMERICANS are not much concerned with party differences among Englishmen. We think none the less of a man because the Tories regard him as dangerous or because the Liberals dislike his Toryism. American democracy is so well established that we are not disturbed by ideas that are the natural outgrowth of a hereditary aristocracy. That is why much of what Dean Inge has said about the non-Anglo-Saxon elements in the American population, about the pestiferousness of reporters and consequent invasion of the privacy certain classes are entitled to in England, and the like have not really aroused any controversy. They have been interesting mainly as the revelation of a point of view which is quite impossible, except by the exercise of the imagination, in an American.

Mr. P. W. Wilson's brilliant article about Dean Inge printed in this issue is not the sort that a native American would write about the Dean's visit. Mr. Wilson is an English Liberal, and always will take the English Liberal's point of view. Dean Inge is a Tory, is a Conservative, and an aristocrat, and is therefore a natural stimulus to an English Liberal's wit. We trust the Dean will enjoy the sally as much as we are sure our readers will.

What is significant about Dean Inge's visit is not so much his views about the relative value of Italian Americans and Americans of native stock, not even his comments upon the beauty of our skyscrapers or of our New England villages; what is really significant is the message that he gives as from an Englishman of conservative mind socially who thinks in terms of real religious liberalism.

The real message that we ought to and need to hold fast to in this country is that which has been reported again and again—that there is and can be no conflict between two kinds of truth, that religion and science are not essentially at swords' points. The real quarrel is between science and theological theories. When the Dean says that Christ could not have meant his followers to shut their eyes to any truth, he brings a message which is needed more in so-called liberal America than it is in so-called conservative England. If the Church is not to identify itself with theories doomed to become as antiquated as astrology and alchemy, it must adjust its theories of religion to such new knowledge as has become as well established as the law of gravitation.

Religion does not depend and never has depended upon any theory or creed. Theories and creeds are not sources of religion, but products of religion in contact with the changing knowledge of things and men. And therefore creeds and doctrines must change even though the substance of religion remains the same. Dean Inge's visit to this country has done a great service by spreading through the press by means of the very pestiferous reporters whom he wishes would let him alone this elementary truth that in the universe we have a revelation of God which the scientist is studying and understanding, and that there is no authority in religion except that which ultimately speaks through the faith of the individual.

Lord Leverhulme

LORD LEVERHULME, like Henry Ford, rose rapidly from poverty to wealth, but, apart from this circumstance, the two men were dissimilar. In an expanding community Ford marketed what was in effect an invention in which he alone had faith. But William Lever when he started life was simply one among a thousand soap-boilers, all of them competing fiercely in a country already crowded. It was thus only by a pertinacity which some thought pitiless that Lord Leverhulme, the incarnation of Lancashire efficiency, established his eighty-five per cent monoply in a prime necessity of the home. In London he bought a hotel with one hundred and twenty rooms, to be used as his head office. When his friends expressed surprise, he said, quietly, "I have one hundred and forty-five companies."

Unhampered by antitrust legislation, he applied to the public for capital, and it is said that 60,000 stockholders have invested in his concerns, which represent assets amounting to $350,000,000. Believing with Ford in controlling his own raw material, he secured palm-oil properties in Africa and owned whalers in the

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The undestroyed portrait of Lord Leverhulme

Arctics. In one sense he was a hard man. When the Northcliffe press incautiously attacked him, he stood out for and obtained phenomenal damages, which even the advocacy of Lord Reading as counsel could not abate. Leverhulme's firmness was, however, merely a fidelity to arithmetic as he saw the figures. His business was a proposition in precise mathematics.

As an employer his reputation steadily improved. Praise has been justly showered upon Port Sunlight, his model village, and upon his plan of assigning stock to his work-people, who thus became his partners. The idea of conducting a great plant in a self-contained community, under an authority which embraces not merely employment, but all the relations of life, including church and school and gardens, may be regarded as a kind of industrial feudalism. But if happiness be taken as the test of a scheme, this scheme has been justified. Lord Leverhulme himself made no secret of his conviction that cheap and good housing for the workers is good business for the industry as a whole.

He agreed with Ford in having a brief working day. Indeed, he contended strongly for the six-hour shift. His argument was that, reckoning overhead, a plant made more profit per article on two six-hour shifts than on one eight-hour shift, and it must be confessed that for mass production he appeared to prove his point—always excluding night-work. For, if the machines run continuously for the entire twenty-four hours, three shifts of eight hours must show a saving in wages over four shifts of six hours. At any rate, this conclusion seems to follow from Lord Leverhulme's own argument.

Lord Leverhulme was fond of pictures and music. His collections belong to Port Sunlight. How he cut his own portrait by Augustus John is well known. Leverhulme was not a personage with whom even art could take a liberty. He was proud of saying that his wife, who at the age of five years was his friend in the village school, married him on an income of five dollars a week. But he enjoyed his hard-won honors, and a portrait by Mr. G. Hall Neale, from which he did not cut out either face or background, shows him in Court costume—white waistcoated and with knee breeches, a star on his breast, a sword at his side, and buckles on his shoes.

Both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords he was merely one of the crowd and hampered by deafness. It can hardly be said that he failed. He had neither time nor patience to try. The British Parliament will not tolerate a divided allegiance, and Leverhulme was a business man first.

Money and Morals

THE address of the American Ambassador, Alanson B. Houghton, before the Pilgrims' Society dinner in London ought to have the effect of arresting certain dangerous tendencies recently made manifest on the Continent of Europe. Though couched in the traditional language of diplomacy, a language necessarily somewhat vague, it was none the less a plain warning that American money will not be available for financing anything that may lead to preparation for another war. It constitutes clear notice duly served that the holy cause of reconstruction must not be made a cloak for the diabolical figure of armed distrust, that the flow of American money to Europe will cease if it is to be used for the purpose of releasing European money for use in military preparations. It carries the clear implication that America will not continue to finance the rehabilitation of Germany if there is reason for believing that a rehabilitated Germany would be a Germany in any sense dangerous to the peace of the world.

The fact ought to be kept clear in the

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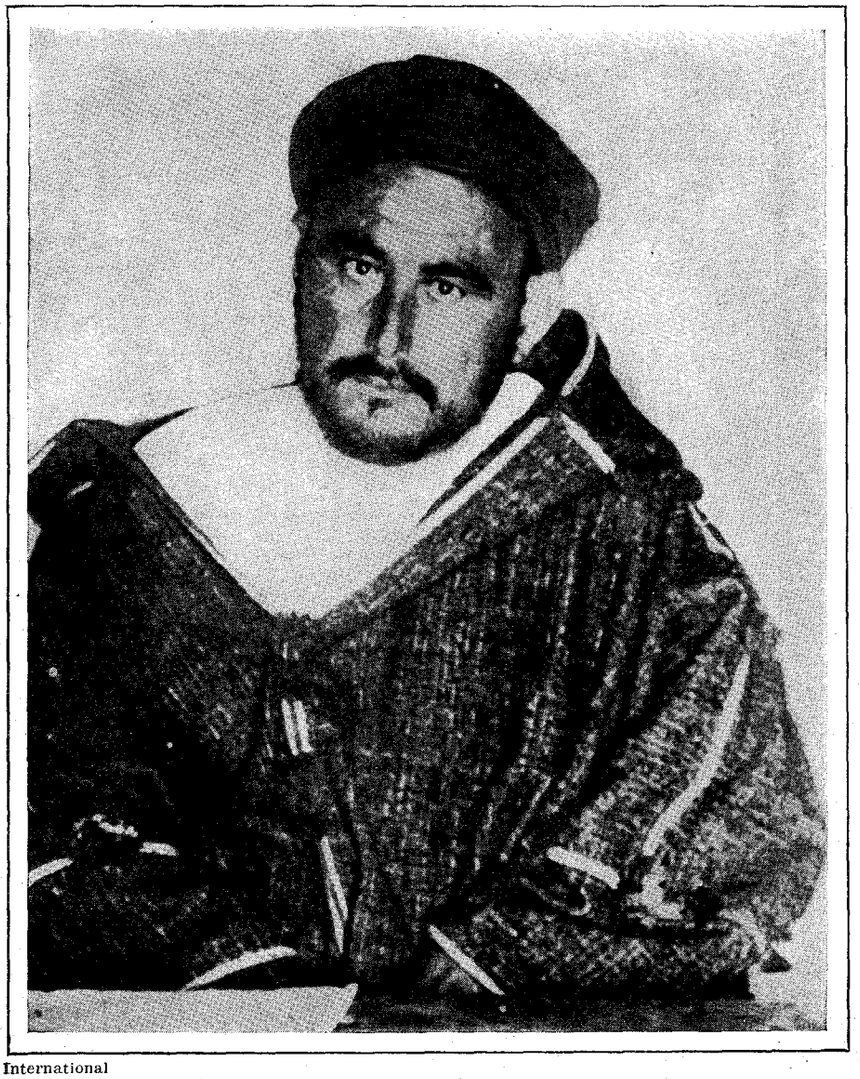
American mind that Ambassador Houghton did not mean his remarks to apply to Germany alone. The recent election of Hindenburg as President and the suspicion that this action may mean a return to militarism create the predisposition to believe that Mr. Houghton addressed himself singly to that situation. But there are other situations in Europe which are not reassuring. The troubled state of affairs in the Balkans is one of them. The elevation of the foremost of French defeatists to the position of Minister of Finance may possibly be another. Aside from the election of Hindenburg, there are things aplenty that might give American money a case of conscience as to its use in Europe. But the Hindenburg election is one of the larger items in the lot.

What Mr. Houghton specifically said was that "the full measure of American helpfulness can be obtained only when the American people are assured that the time for destructive methods and policies has passed and that the time for peaceful upbuilding has come. . . . They are asking themselves," he continued, "if that time has in fact arrived." The answer, he said, must come from the peoples of Europe. "If the answer is peace," he concluded, "then you may be sure that America will help to her generous utmost. But if—which God forbid—that answer shall continue confused and doubtful, then I fear that those helpful processes which are now in motion must inevitably cease."

Direct from Home

It is to be remembered that Mr. Houghton was fresh from Washington. He had recently had perhaps better opportunity than any other of our Ambassadors in Europe to know the attitude of President Coolidge and of Secretary of State Kellogg, whom he himself succeeded as Ambassador to London. That he did actually speak the mind of the President and the Administration is pretty clearly indicated by the fact that word went out from the White House to the effect that the President hopes Europe will heed Houghton's words.

To be sure, the American Government as such has not directly undertaken to straighten out the financial tangle of Europe. But the American Government has unofficially done a great deal in that cause. It is a fact that no American financial group has recently entered into a loan agreement if the Government indicated its belief that the transaction was not in the public interest. It appears perfectly obvious now that the Government does not intend to approve loans which might be used to bolster up military preparations. American money for reparations in Europe awaits assurance that it will not be diverted to improper uses—awaits, as Ambassador Houghton said, the resumption of peace "based on the assumption of good faith by all who participate in it."



International

Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffian tribesmen

A Fierce Little War

Does Abd-el-Krim plan to be for Morocco what Kemal Pasha has been in Turkey? Probably not; but his successes against Spain have led the Riffian tribesmen to expect more from him than he can possibly accomplish. So, in a letter replying to a Spanish ultimatum last summer, the military hero of the Riffians asserted that he aimed to set up a government "on modern ideas; and independent, politically and economically."

Since then Spain has abandoned aggressive warfare, although she has not, as some people seem to think, abandoned altogether her hold in Morocco. Now, urged by his hordes of fanatical warriors, Abd-el-Krim has attacked French outposts, has had some success but at heavy loss, and is now confronted with the questions whether he dare attack Fez in force and whether he can hold his own when the French reinforcements asked for by the veteran soldier General Lyautey are in the field, as they undoubtedly will be before long. France is not Spain, and she will not readily let her prestige in Morocco be impaired. She will increase her force by 30,000 or 40,000, or more if needed.

At present France has some 60,000 soldiers in Morocco, but widely scattered, so that only about 12,000 men have been fighting. Against these have been arrayed at least 20,000 Riffians, good fighters and hardy men individually, but not likely to withstand French troops in battle.

It is surprising to read that these

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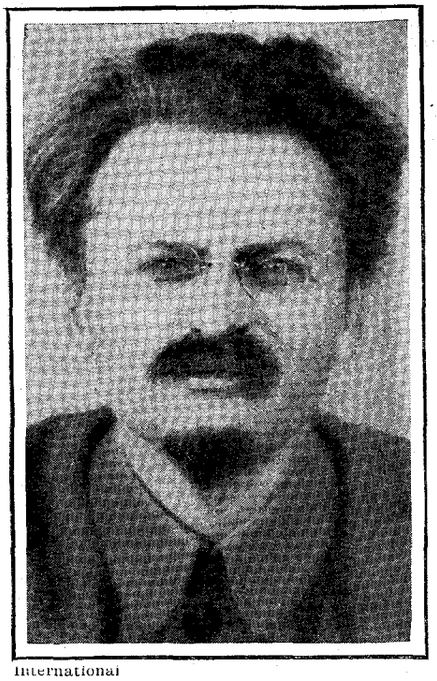


International

Leon Trotsky

"wild tribesmen" have used one or more airplanes to advantage and that they even have tanks in their line. The first statement seems substantiated; the second is doubtful. Moreover, several reports insist that those peace-loving people, the Germans, have had officers drilling the Riffians. Pan-Islamism and Soviet influence are also suspected.

One benefit may come from this not so excessively little war. It may possibly open the eyes of some anti-preparedness persons who think that if we only have peaceful dispositions and desires ourselves war will automatically cease.

The Return of Trotsky

THE reappearance in Moscow of Leon Trotsky was about as quiet and even semi-secretive as his disappearance four months ago. Whether literary cares (he has written a new book during his absence), ill health, or the threatening attitude of his political rivals, the Triumvirate, caused his retreat or banishment, is not announced, but skeptics laugh to scorn any but the last theory. Neither is it quite clear why Gregory Zinoviev, head of the Communist International, and his associates in the triple control of the Soviet power, Stalin and Kamenev, have allowed Trotsky again to enter political life. German papers say that Zinoviev himself has now left Russia as suddenly as Trotsky did last January, but this lacks confirmation.

It seems strange to think of the bloody-minded Trotsky, advocate of force to the limit, as being looked to for a milder rule than that of Zinoviev. Within the Soviet Zinoviev has made enemies, and thereby has made friends for the Trotsky faction.

Will the Soviet Government now move toward the Right, or moderate interpretation of Communism (autocratic rule by a limited industrial class is what this so-called Communism is in Russia) or to the Left—that is, the literal interpretation of the theories of Lenine, who is said on his deathbed to have named Trotsky as his successor?

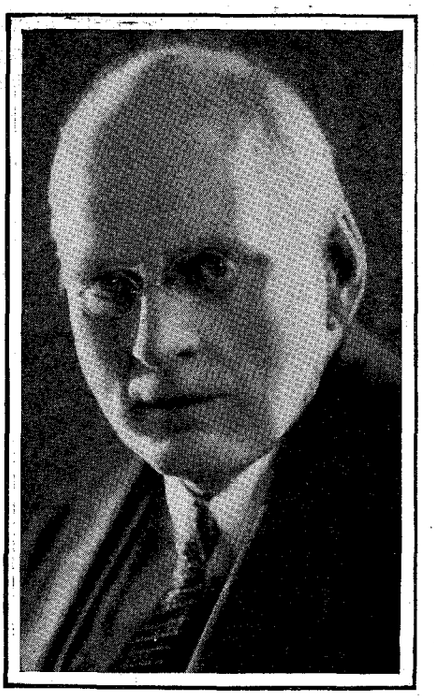
Oddly enough, during Trotsky's absence the two most notable moves of the Soviet rule have been in two opposite directions. The Reds have shown a strong disposition to conciliate the peasants, even the landowning peasants, and also the manufacturers, all of which is at odds with the Lenine teaching. On the other hand, they more and more seem possessed on the subject of world revolution, so that the fall of Zinoviev is attributed to his failure to move fast enough in foreign propaganda. Trotsky ought logically to take a contrary course, but the report that he is to have an office in the Foreign Trade Department looks as if the Reds were looking to him to out-Zinoviev Zinoviev.

Elsewhere in this paper in discussing the situation in Bulgaria we comment on the part played in the recent era of violence by Russian instigation.

A Novelist of the Middle West

HERBERT QUICK, who died suddenly on May 10, won his deserved success as a novelist through his warm personal interest in the settlement and development of the Middle West, and especially of Iowa. He did not go out and seek a subject; he grew up with the subject. He was born on a farm in Iowa, and he knew the life of the people as a farmer, as a teacher, as a lawyer, as an editor, and in some degree as a politician.

The three books with which Mr. Quick's name will always be associated describe three stages of the Iowan life. The best and most esteemed by both critics and readers is the first, "Vandemark's Folly." Of this story The Outlook said in early recognition of its popular interest and special flavor and humor: "It gives a fair picture of men, women, and things. It doesn't rave about God's country, God's open air, or



Herbert Quick

God's wilderness. It doesn't indulge in high-flown apostrophes to nature. It just shows us the people, the rough times they pulled through, the trouble with bad men and foolish women, the settlers' summary way of dealing with land jumpers, the sturdy push to build up the splendid farm country."

Much the same comment may be made on the second of Mr. Quick's series—if series it may be called, for the connection between the three stories is slight. "The Hawkeye" carried on the life of that Uncle Jake Vandemark whose trek across the country driving a herd of cows before him, as told in the first story, was both a novelty and a success. The book very nearly, although perhaps not quite, equaled its predecessor in interest. The same can hardly be said of the third story, "The Invisible Woman," although it had its high points of humor and character and in particular brought us closer to the work and methods of the Mid-West country lawyer. This book had a little more of the melodramatic in it than was quite in keeping with Mr. Quick's temperament as an author.

Few people will remember that many years before the success of "Vandemark's Folly" Mr. Quick wrote a story called "Aladdin and Company," which dealt with the same general subject and with special relation to Western town booming. It was but a prelude to the stronger and better work he did lately in the three novels which have caused him to

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be recognized not only as a good literary workman but as a genial and companionable writer by many thousands of readers of American fiction.

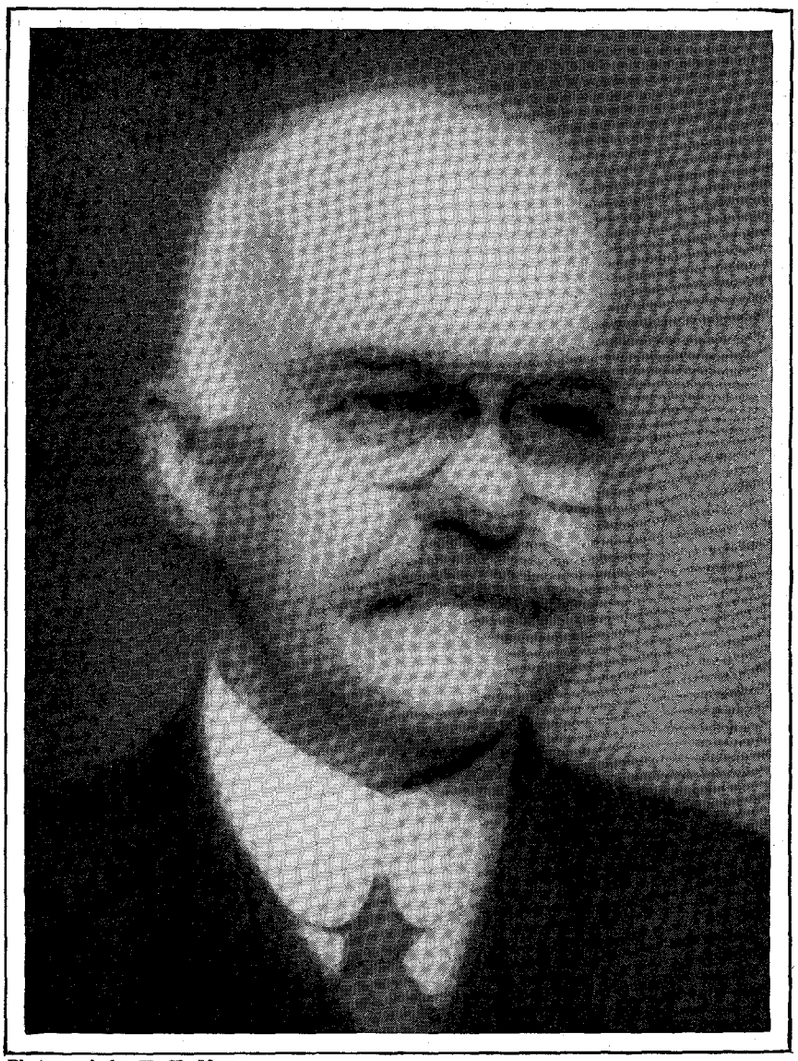
Frank C. Hoyt

AMONG the hundreds of thousands who have been readers of The Outlook for the past quarter-century few have known what they owe to Frank C. Hoyt. His name has appeared in the list of the officers of The Outlook Company, but his personality has been hidden. Now that he is gone, we who have been his colleagues wish there had been some way by which the circle of Outlook readers could have known him and shared with us the full appreciation of his character and service.

When he first came to The Outlook, it was as a member of its advertising staff, and during many years he was Advertising Manager. In the early part of his period of service advertising standards generally were not as high as they are today; but from the first he held to principles from which he never deviated. He was expert in discerning the unworthy advertisement offered and courageous in the rejection of it. He became a leader in the movement which raised the ethics of advertising generally, and in his leadership he won the esteem alike of advertisers, advertising agents, and advertising solicitors. It is doubtful whether any man in the business of periodical publishing has ever had a wider circle of friends and genuine admirers.

In more recent years he has been the Treasurer of The Outlook Company and one of its directors. To him his colleagues not only of the business staff but of the editorial board learned to turn for counsel. Behind his gentle and quiet demeanor dwelt a firm and well-poised spirit. In journalism as in the rest of life the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing gain," is invariably true; but we all found that every proposed venture had better be first submitted to his sagacity. He was ready for any leap that ought to be taken, but first he looked. He was the governor in the engine, the balance-wheel in the watch. Whatever record of sanity and common sense The Outlook has made bears the imprint of Frank C. Hoyt's personality.

His death at sixty-six years of age comes at a time when it was possible for him to feel that the work he had done was so firmly established that its result could fairly be considered permanent. He has infused his spirit into the office of The Outlook so completely that it will abide. We shall miss his counsel, but we shall continue under his benignant and stabilifying influence.



Photograph by H. H. Moore

Frank C. Hoyt

At the Gates of Janus

"THERE are times when I think The Outlook does not know that the war is over;" so wrote a frank friend in criticism of an Outlook editorial.

The Outlook is quite aware of the fact that there are no great engines of war battling for supremacy on the soil of France; The Outlook knows that our boys are out of the trenches; The Outlook knows that the best minds in all nations are striving to find a solution to the vast and complex problems of international relationship to the end that there may be no more killing and maiming of men. Yet we wonder whether our friend's definition of war exactly corresponds with the facts in the case.

War, as the term is most commonly understood, is a state entirely apart from peace. To those who accept this definition countries are either at peace or at war—there is no middle ground or connecting link between a state of horror and a state of paradisal quiet. We do not think that the course of history confirms the exactness of this simple definition. History seems to teach us that warfare is but one of the many instruments of national policy. The arbitrament of the sword is again and again chosen by nations and leaders of nations as a means to an end, not as an end in itself.

Sometimes war, like arbitration, settles definite problems; sometimes war, like arbitration, leaves old problems unsolved and new problems for the solution of the coming generations. The war between the North and the South settled the questions as to whether the United

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States was to remain a single nation and whether slavery should continue to exist within its borders. That same end might have been attained without fratricidal bloodshed because both North and South were dedicated to the same fundamental principles of liberty and democracy. It was a common concept of government which healed the wounds of the sword, a common faith in representative democracy.

The World War did not settle the great question of the Continent, the question as to whether peaceful nations are hereafter to be immune from unprovoked invasion and secure not only in their frontiers but in their rights to control their own internal destinies.

The war spirit did not die in Europe with the silence that fell over the lines on Armistice Day. The menace of the thunder of the guns will still hang over Europe as long as people continue to believe that what we call peace is a synonym of justice. Enduring peace cannot be built upon so perilous a foundation.

In ancient Rome stood a temple of Janus, its doors always open when the Empire was at war and closed when the Empire was at peace. If a temple of Janus were to be erected in Europe today, it would be no time to close its gates. The war spirit speaks in the voices of statesmen and the policies of nations as well as in the rolling thunder of the battlefield.

The Communist Conspiracy in the Balkans

IF it is true, as reported, that Zinoviev has lost favor at Moscow and is going through Trotsky's experience, it nevertheless is true that he has been, and probably still is, the most powerful figure in the Third International. And the Third International is the real ruler of Russia. Only recently Zinoviev, while acknowledging temporary defeat of the Communist attempt to bring about a revolution in other countries, reiterated the Bolshevist purpose to undermine other governments. When the Executive Committee of the International met for three days in Moscow, Zinoviev, its President, as reported in the "Pravda" for March 24, 1925, said: "Analyzing carefully the political situation and following every move of each of its parties, the Communist International is working with a firm and unflinching resolution on the organization of the world revolution under any circumstances."

It has been so often asserted that the Soviet Government of Russia had given up the idea of world revolution that those words come at a time when it is most needful to arouse the Western world out of its illusions. These are not merely words of vague theorists; they are the expression of a purpose that the Communists are trying, clumsily perhaps, but with some evil results, to put into effect. The attempt on the life of the King of Bulgaria and the brutal destruction of a church there by a bomb which made a wreck of many human lives are outward manifestations of this purpose in terms of violence.

At the same meeting of the Executive Committee in March, at which there were responsible representatives of all Communist parties in the world, Stalin acknowledged that the chances of the world revolution were not so good as two or three years ago. He found consolation, however, in the belief that the stupidity of the *bourgeois* rulers of the world would always supply water to the millstone of the revolution, and he looked for profitable results from lasting conflicts between France and Germany and between England and France. Zinoviev and Stalin, it should be remembered, are members of the triumvirate consisting of Zinoviev, Stalin, and Kamenev, which is above all Government Ministers and controls them by virtue of its authority as the steering committee of the Communist Party.

It is important to remember that this is not the efflorescence of vain talk; it is simply the verbal expression of an active enterprise. According to an inadvertent remark of the "Pravda" about a year ago, the "subversive" budget granted to the International of the Soviet Government for the year 1924 amounted to 200,000,000 golden rubles.

In its efforts the International has concentrated attention mainly upon the Balkans. It is there in the conflicting currents of international and internal interests, of mutual animosities, and of potential outbreaks of anarchy that the Communists see their best opportunity. In Bulgaria the Communists, as we have before pointed out, have been acting in alliance with the agrarians, the followers of the late Stambulisky; apparently, through the lack of capable opposition, agrarians have gained an ascendency over a large part of the peasants without necessarily capturing their minds. Trotsky was perfectly frank when he said that the failure of the attempt against Tzankoff's Government in 1923 was a blot on the International, and therefore the Russian Bolshevists. "We suffered a heavy defeat in Bulgaria," he says, and adds: "The Bulgarian revolution was meant to be the prelude of a revolution in Germany. Unfortunately, our failure in Bulgaria was followed by a still worse failure in Germany." Nevertheless this failure did not discourage the Third International. The first months of 1925 were filled with stories of assassinations, and following the assassinations by the Communists came reports of the assassinations of Communists. Thus the death of Dr. Mileff, Bulgaria's leading historian and journalist, who succumbed on February 13, was avenged by the assassination of Stoyanoff and Strashimiroff, outstanding Communist leaders. Documents found on arrested Communists showed that the Third International had assigned to its agents in Bulgaria four million rubles gold for January and February. Some of the channels for the transmission of money are certainly known, or at least are claimed to be known, by the Government at Sofia.

One may ask, "Why all this activity in Bulgaria?" What change would be made in the world if the red flag were hoisted in that large and attractive village whose little houses are chiefly on unpaved streets or drowned in gardens?

It is a matter of geography. If the rule of the Third International were once established in Sofia, Rumania, situated as it is between Russia and Bulgaria, would be rendered unsafe. Indeed, Rumania has been terrorized by the Soviets. According to reports in Bucharest newspapers, Russian bands have been crossing the river Dniester here and there and assassinating local Rumanian officials. As a consequence of the war and of the new territories which Rumania has received, there are a large number of trouble-makers in Rumania, consisting of non-Rumanian elements. Dissatisfaction among these elements has been increased by some of the policies pursued by the Rumanian Government, as, for example, the land laws concerning the Bulgarians in the Rumanian region of Dobrudja. There have been peasant revolts, the largest of which, last September, resulted in the death of a thousand and the wounding of many more. A

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successful *coup d'état* in Sofia would bring about an outburst in Rumania, and with Bulgaria and Rumania Bolshevized, the Soviets would be in a dominant position in the whole of the Balkans.

It is true that Jugoslavia under the Pasitch Government is anti-Bolshevist, but the Croat peasants in that Kingdom are inflammable material, not because they are Communists, but because they are dissatisfied with their Government, and are therefore open to Soviet propaganda.

A paragraph of the Soviet Constitution describes a world revolution as the aim of the Soviet Government. Zinoviev did not boast when he said: "The Communist International is working on the organization of the world revolution under any circumstances."

Art and Personalities

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE other day in an hour of leisure, which was also an hour of indecision as to what to read, I picked up with the intent of simply turning over its pages the Life of "William De Morgan and His Wife," by Mrs. Stirling. After looking at the unusually delightful pictures with which the book is illustrated, instead of dipping into the text here and there, I began at the first page and read the volume through, although I had read it when it first appeared.

The story of the De Morgans is now a familiar one to all readers of good English fiction. They were both artists with gifts that amounted almost to genius and were intimate friends of William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, distinguished figures of the so-called pre-Raphaelite period of English art. The influence of that school is shown in the paintings of Mrs. De Morgan which are beautifully reproduced in Mrs. Stirling's biography. William De Morgan, under the influence of Morris, became a worker in stained glass, tiles, and pottery. Although his work was original and beautiful, it was not successful commercially, and when he was over sixty he found himself in Florence, Italy, ill and in straitened circumstances. To amuse himself on his bed of illness he began to write a novel without any idea of publication. In this pastime his wife steadily encouraged him, and thus was produced the now famous novel "Joseph Vance." On its publication in 1906, in its author's sixty-seventh year, it took the novel-reading public both in England and America by storm. During the next ten years it was followed in quick succession by other novels which, together with "Joseph Vance," were perhaps more widely discussed by critics and readers than any series of books of fiction since the days of Thackeray and Dickens. During the sudden burst of popularity of this author, who had never tried his hand at writing until he had almost reached the limit of life set by the Psalmist, the London "Times" said: "Mr. De Morgan is a national institution; and one would as soon think of criticising the Bank of England as of criticising one of his novels."

That a man should devote himself to one art during a long life without much recognition, and at its close should plunge suddenly into a totally different art, thus winning, to his own surprise, much fame and money, is one of the most romantic episodes in the history of literature. A revived interest in this episode has led me to take up "Joseph Vance" again, and I am now in the middle of it. It is not easy reading, although it holds unflagging the interest of the reader. I am wondering, however, whether the peculiarities of De Morgan's style and method will deprive him of the literary immortality which Jane Austen and Dickens and Thackeray enjoy. George Meredith and Thomas Hardy are often mentioned in contemporary criticism, but I do not recall to have seen or heard much of De Morgan during the last decade. It would be interesting to know what has been the experience of other De Morgan readers.

There are many amusing anecdotes in Mrs. Stirling's biography, but none more so than the story of a letter found on the beach at the seaside by Mrs. De Morgan which greatly amused the De Morgans and Burne-Jones as a startling example of "English as she can be wrote." The letter reads as follows:

My dearest Marey,—

i be verry well and appey to inform you that i be very well at present and i hope you be the same dear Marey—i be verry sorry to hear how as you don't like your quarters as i chant be able to look on your dear face so offen as i have done dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly loveley Rose of Sharon. Dear Marey, dear Marey i hant got now Know particler noose to tell ye at present but my sister that marryd have got such a nice littel babey, and i wish how as our littel affare was settled and we had got such a nice littel dear two.

Dearest Marey i shall not be appy till then Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. Sometimes I do begin to despare as i am affraid our not will never be tide but my Master have prommist i how as that when i git ye he will putt ye in the Darey yard to feed the Piggs and ge ye *atin pens* a week Dearest Marey puer and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. i be comming over tomorrow to by the Ring and you must come to the stayshun to mete me and bring a pese of string with you the size of your finggar and be sure you don't make A miss take dear Marey.

Father is A going to ge us a beddsted and Granny A 5 lb note to by such as washin stand fier irons mouse trap and Sope, and wee must wayte till we can by carpetting and glass crackery ware and chiney. Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely rose of Sharon. i be very appy to say our old Sow As got 7 young uns laste nite and Father is a going to ge us A roosester for our Weding Brakefest Dearest Marey pure and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. So no more at present from your fewture and loving husband WILLIAM TAYLOR

It has been suggested that the ludicrousness of this letter is a work of art instead of ignorance and that there is a justifiable suspicion that De Morgan wrote it himself as a joke on Burne-Jones. They frequently exchanged letters of a burlesque character.

AN English friend, a distinguished scientist of Cambridge University, has written to me protesting that the delightful article by my colleague, Elbert F. Baldwin, on Lord Curzon (which appeared in The Outlook for April 15) did not do that distinguished British statesman complete justice. Lord Curzon was a scholarly and brilliant man, but it cannot be said that he possessed an ingratiating personality. He began his political career as a secretary to Lord Salisbury. When he was forty years old, he was appointed Viceroy of India, but in a few years resigned because he could not get along with Lord Kitchener. At fifty he was chosen Chancellor of Oxford

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University. Two years later, in 1910, I saw and heard him preside at the ceremonies at Oxford when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon ex-President Roosevelt. His admirable bearing lent dignity to the occasion. The fact that he indulged in some quips and pleasantries in Latin, during the academic ritual of the occasion, and then addressed the candidate in very direct and beautiful English revealed his scholarship. But notwithstanding his many fine qualities of mind and person, he certainly succeeded in rubbing a good many people the wrong way. He was born a commoner, but died a peer; and he apparently thought more of his peer-ness than he did of his common-ness.

A characteristic story about him is told in a remarkable book, "With Lawrence in Arabia," published last year. Thomas Edward Lawrence, a young Oxford scholar—archæology was his forte—performed during the war the almost incredible feat of uniting the warring tribes of Arabia in a successful campaign to drive their Turkish oppressors out of their ancient country. For his success all sorts of honors were offered to him, most of which he tried to avoid. He actually declined knighthood, saying: "If I become a knight, my tailor will hear about it and double my bills. I have trouble enough paying them as it is." Lord Curzon, however, who was at the time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, did not wholly approve of Lawrence, largely on account of his unconventionality. In explaining his difficulties with the Foreign Secretary Colonel Lawrence said to a friend: "In order to give you an idea what Lord Curzon is like I must explain to you his outlook on life. Lord Curzon divides all the inhabitants of this earth into two groups, the masses and the classes. The classes are Lord Curzon and the King. Everybody else belongs to the masses."

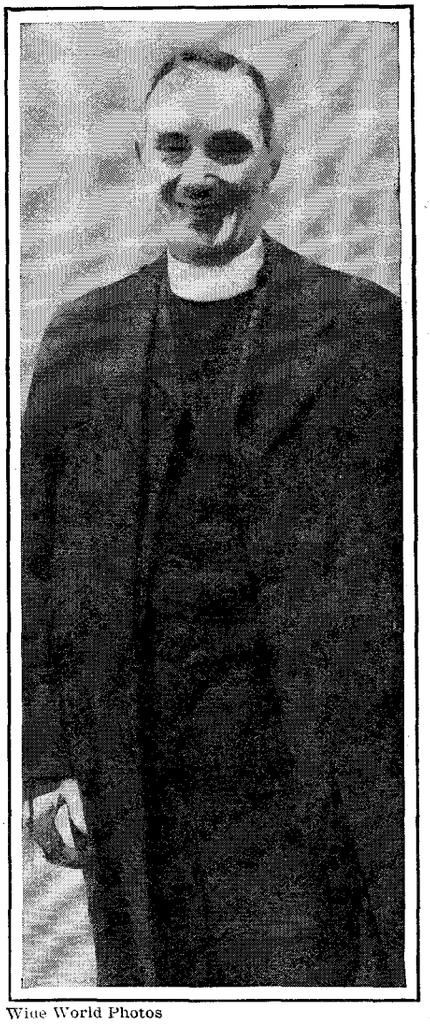
Dean Inge

Fortunate Apostle of Gloom

By P. W. WILSON

ABOUT Dean Inge, who has found a host of friends in the United States, what fascinates one is the epithet which has become his spiritual trade-mark. In this worst of all possible worlds, it is not the joy of the Lord but the gloom that is his strength. At first sight, it would seem as if this most practiced of pessimists had been ill used by Providence. Yet, some of his admirers might perhaps have included him among the favorites of ecclesiastical fortune. He enjoys the inestimable advantage, as it is in England, of birth. For generations his family has been honorable in the Church for its bishops and archdeacons. Eton was his school, and as a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, he studied in a garden of Eden. A brilliant brain enabled him to sweep into his net every academic distinction to which classical learning aspires—fellowships, the Porson Prize, and the Regius Professorship of Divinity; and even Oxford had to invite him into her groves as a don. At both universities he was select preacher, and, finally, he escaped the toil of a bishopric as Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, where, amid the loveliest music in Europe, he meditates twice daily on the beauties of holiness.

In society his position is assured. His stipend is established by law. And few Englishmen's castles are as well fortified against vulgar intrusion as is his Deanery. Believing, as he does, that cold water is "a dismal drink," he is permitted by courts and custom to retain his cellar. To be frank, there are not a few of his fellow-men who would be ready



Wide World Photos

Dean Inge

on these terms to suffer martyrdom at the Cross of St. Paul's.

Yet, surrounded by these favors of an approving Heaven, the Dean is apt to be downhearted. If a not unflattering popularity attracts to him the enthusiastic reporters, he murmurs with well-feigned anger against a plague of "human mosquitoes." And if his widely heralded lectures are quoted in the newspapers, he takes it as a personal insult and begs stenographers to desist. Over the spectacle of Yale sitting humbly at his feet he is gratified, but even this landscape is marred by the presence of Italians in New Haven, who suggest to his Platonist mind the spectacle of "a mongrel horde." Even the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is not quite to his taste. He dislikes the columns! And over his shattered finances he moans as if a cruel destiny had assigned to him and his a pauper's grave. He complains that one-fifth of an impoverished nation pays four-fifths of the income tax. The fact that the same fifth draws four-fifths of the national income is no comfort. Indeed, the detail is overlooked.

What exactly is the meaning of this unusual mood? It is, of course, in the seat of Sydney Smith that, not unworthily, Dean Inge now sits. His is a similar wit. He is, in fact, the George Bernard Shaw of the Established Church who charms by a calculated irritability. Dean Inge is Diogenes over again, and from his tub, otherwise a Cathedral, he says to mankind what Diogenes said to Alexander the Great, "The only thing you can do for me is to get out of my light." Alexander was as delighted as are we. And for the same reason. To him in his day, as to mankind here and now, mere

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praise had become monotonous. It was a change to be the man who gets slapped. And Diogenes, like Dean Inge, slapped smartly.

It is as a Tory that he is rare—even unique—and, in any event, refreshing. He really believes in Toryism. He is ready to expound it. And in fighting for it he is living over again the happy days of youth. He is the Peter Pan of the English public school who has never deserted the playing field. There is a sense in which Eton and King's College, Cambridge, are perfect democracies. One Etonian is to all Etonians an equal, whether it be for richer or poorer in brains and money. But any Etonian is superior to all mankind outside Eton. And while Eton is thus in herself a democracy, she is a democracy set on an inaccessible tableland, which conception of a governing class pervades all of Dean Inge's thinking. To him it is an outrage that everybody should be governed by anybody. No government is tolerable which is not government of the average by the best. And the best are not the many, but the few.

Hence his conviction that our democratic era is no more than a passing phase. Over the war Germany may have been a little indiscreet, but she was and again will be the best-governed country in Europe. Johns Hopkins and Yale are quite delightful, but of Main Street, the Dean observes, with scarcely concealed gratitude, that he had no time for even a glimpse. When he meets Babbitt, it is not to shake hands but to buy a pair of gloves, and if he leaves a card at all, it is not as a caller but as a customer. Indeed, his hand, when you take it, is something of a phenomenon. It does not grip, but merely submits to the ordeal of being gripped. All sinew is, as it were, withdrawn. "One must be courteous." And there it ends.

Let us humbly concede to Dean Inge a sense of our own inferiority. Of intellects equal to his to-day there are not many to be found in any country. But was it to tell us that we are mongrels that Christ founded his Church? Was the Gospel an explanation to Levantine Greeks that they were unfit to associate with the true citizens of Athens and Sparta? Not that one would unduly press the point. Dean Inge is not in reality the pagan that he sometimes appears to observers. He is an Etonian Christian.

And, secondly, Dean Inge stands for solitude. He is himself his own most intimate companion. To gain the whole world he would not cancel an appointment with his own soul. That is why, amid his artistic tantrums, he is respected. Even when his thought is perverse, it is thorough. What he offers is not food, but the salt that savors food. With democracy becoming a mere convention, he applies to it the acid test of an incurable skepticism. To much that he says there is an answer. In his lectures, as reported, some passages would have been regarded as foolish in a third-rate Die-Hard candidate in want of a peroration on the eve of the poll. And the idea that these opinions—the mere catchwords of politics—can pass as high scholarship is assuredly startling. But on his own ground Dean Inge is deeply erudite. His belief in science as a new revelation of God is masterly.

And, to sum up, it is impossible not to be fond of him. The trouble with him is simply that a part of his education has been neglected. He was taught Latin and Greek. And he has taught himself a good deal besides. But Eton does not teach her sons how to "mix." Nor does King's College, Cambridge. And the Deanery of St. Paul's is hardly the place in which to commence one's lessons in universal affability. From the pulpit a Dean sees mankind in the mass and can be courageous. But when the individual puts in an appearance and asks why he, as an Italian, is a mongrel, even deans are apt to turn shy and complain of human mosquitoes. As for his beliefs, they must be left to the tender mercies of Bishop Manning. Clearly, an English ecclesiastic may steal a dogmatic horse when an American ecclesiastic is rebuked for looking over the creedal gate! 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the heterodoxy!

Hindenburg's Election

Correspondence from ELBERT F. BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

What Popular Spirit Does It Reveal?

PAUL VON HINDENBURG has long been a popular German idol —I had almost said *the* German idol. After his Tannenberg victory I predicted that if Germany became a republic he would be in line for the Presidency.

Why, then, was he not chosen in place of Ebert? Because in 1918 a revolution in Germany put the militarists in the background, turned out the monarchy, and put a Republic in power. In pursuance of this spirit a National Council chose as President of the Republic the Socialist chief, Fritz Ebert. With his customary good sense, Ebert proposed later that an election be held; but Parliament was not of his way of thinking, and extended his term until June 30, 1925. In any case, then, there would soon have been a Presidential election; Ebert's regrettable death simply advanced it a little.

The winner, Marshal von Hindenburg, has always been conspicuously loyal to his country, naturally within the limits of his horizon. Germans are instinctively people of law and order, and the new President will, of course, do everything in his power to that end.

I

HE will have the more success because he incarnates German sentiment as to their old Empire. He is emphatically an imperialist. The only difficulty is that he also incarnates the narrow Prussian spirit and its bureaucratic and military traditions. Hindenburg represents the past, the centuries of voluntary monarchical servitude and discipline. During the war he inflicted cruel servitude on the conquered. But in general he contributed notably towards his country's prestige.

The republican candidate, Wilhelm Marx, is the antithesis of the monarchist. Marx is no incarnation of empire, but of republic. His addresses reveal a liberty, a largeness, a courage, a sentiment of equality, and, above all, a morale which one does not find in the speeches of other German statesmen. In addition, Dr. Marx has contributed more than any other man to the reconstitution of his country since the war. In the election, therefore, he won where Germany was the most intelligent. He lost where she was less intelligent—that is to say, in most of the country. The mass of the population saw in Hindenburg an affirmation of national and imperialist force much more striking than what they found in Marx. Hence the Germans are proclaiming to-day that Hindenburg's election marks a turning-point in their

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history. It is true, a turning-point backwards.

II

EVERY one knows Hindenburg. His portrait is found in many *Wohnstuben*. His giant statue adorned (?) the Berlin Thiergarten. He became a popular idol. This was not only because he represented the old Empire. It was also because he represented actual militarist Germany, and, in particular, because his personality harmonizes with that militarism. For, despite their "temporary defeat," as they say, most Germans still believe themselves unconquered and unconquerable.

So, in order to be elected President, it was not necessary to this demigod to go away more than once from home, and then only to attend a *Kommers* in a neighboring brewery. Even at home he had to do no more than read a speech from his "front porch," receive his friends and a few journalists. That is what it means to be a popular personality and to have a name of prestige.

Hindenburg is the beloved chief of hundreds of thousands of old soldiers, who, though their politics might differ from his, voted for him just the same. Besides this, their wives, it appears, voted for him too, and without doubt so did a still larger number of other women. Thus to the votes of the monarchist coalition in the March election Hindenburg added on April 26 nearly 3,000,000, whereas to the vote of the republican coalition Marx added only about half a million.

This was not only because of the Empire; it was because the majority voted for the man most talked about. Marx was almost unknown, proportionately, to the masses of the people. In vain he multiplied himself by his journeys and speeches; his effort could not match his opponent's popularity.

III

To the Empire sentiment and to the personality of the candidate, influencing the election, one must add a third element—the thirst for revenge for war defeat. Here again Hindenburg was clearly the man. He was the incarnation of inconsolable Germany, of impatient Germany facing her humiliation and her subordination, of revolting Germany as she contemplated the Versailles Treaty. To show how perfectly Hindenburg was the man of revenge, one may quote this remark last year at Hanover, when the "steel helmet" band finished playing the "Entry into Paris:" "You played that march well. I hope you will play it again, *there*, where I went in 1871."

What Will the New President Do?

WHO knows what the new President will do? Who knows whether he will restore the monarchy? Who knows whether he will lead a war of revenge? Meanwhile what will he do to facilitate the working of the Dawes Plan? What will he do to facilitate the later Guaranty Plan?

As to the monarchy, all that one can say is to remember that in 1849 Louis Napoleon was elected President of France only because of the prestige of his name, and that soon after he restored the monarchy.

But Hindenburg has not Napoleon III's political *finesse*, and, in my opinion, is proportionately more dangerous because he will doubtless be led by his entourage. First by Admiral von Tirpitz, the Machiavelli of German politics. Then by "Das Aufrechte," that Pan German league whose end is a war of revenge and whose moving spirit was no less a person than Hindenburg's son-in-law. Then there are the Marshal's aides-de-camp and liaison officers, all of whom are fierce nationalists.

As to the Dawes Plan, the Marshal says, as reported, "One cannot yet say whether Germany can support its burdens."

As to the pact of mutual guaranty with regard to the German frontiers, it remains to be seen whether the Marshal thinks otherwise than do most of those who have elected him; they seem to be as hostile to any arrangement implying a renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine as they are towards Germany's entry into the League of Nations. As to the Treaty of Versailles, however, the new President avers, defying them, "We are bound by this treaty until it is modified by agreement among the cosignatories."

Next week's issue will be The Outlook's annual

Recreation Number

Rowing, angling, hiking, golfing, and hunting the wild boar will all find due celebration.

Among the contributors to this issue dedicated to the outdoors are James A. Ten Eyck, coach of the Syracuse crews; Robert Haven Schauffler, poet, cellist, and skilled wielder of the fly; Edmund Lester Pearson, whose interest in walking rivals his pleasure in murder; Lawrence F. Abbott, Contributing Editor of The Outlook, who has played on most of the celebrated golf courses at home and abroad; and Lawrence Adler, who has ridden to the boar hounds of France.

Foreign Comments

FOREIGN comment shows that Hindenburg as President has considerably alienated from Germany any confidence she may have succeeded in inspiring. Again, what nation on the Continent does not regret the election's result, if for no other reason than because of the check it brings to general economic confidence? Since the inauguration of the Dawes Plan all the European nations have witnessed a welcome betterment in their economic conditions. America has been the strongest factor in this result. But the American movement is arrested for the moment.

Politically the Germans know perfectly well that Hindenburg's election will not fail to complicate international relations. In order to gain time, they are showing themselves most conciliatory, camouflaging for the foreigner the election's significance, representing it as in no way changing German politics; above all, being really republican because, you see, Hindenburg has to swear by the Constitution!

A curious thing. A part of the English press is going in the same direction. The election is the business of Germans only, opines the Manchester "Guardian," while Mr. Lloyd George in the London "Chronicle" is still more absurd, charging that France, through the Ruhr occupation, has been dragging Germany towards Hindenburg, when it is precisely along the Ruhr and the Rhine where Marx made his most encouraging fight. From these opinions it is pleasant to turn to the London "Telegraph," which declares the election result bad business for Europe, while the "Times" affirms that the result cannot but increase the world's defiance with regard to Germany and her intentions. Finally, the London "Morning Post" says that Hindenburg's installation in Ebert's place will reorganize the intellectual slavery which made the Great War possible and that the Marshal's return is worth twenty army corps for military Germany.

Hindenburg's election seems to me like setting back the clock for years. No matter how stunned we are at this, one thing is necessary, and that is for republicans everywhere to come in spiritual aid to the Germanic democracy which, in general, has so gallantly begun to govern.

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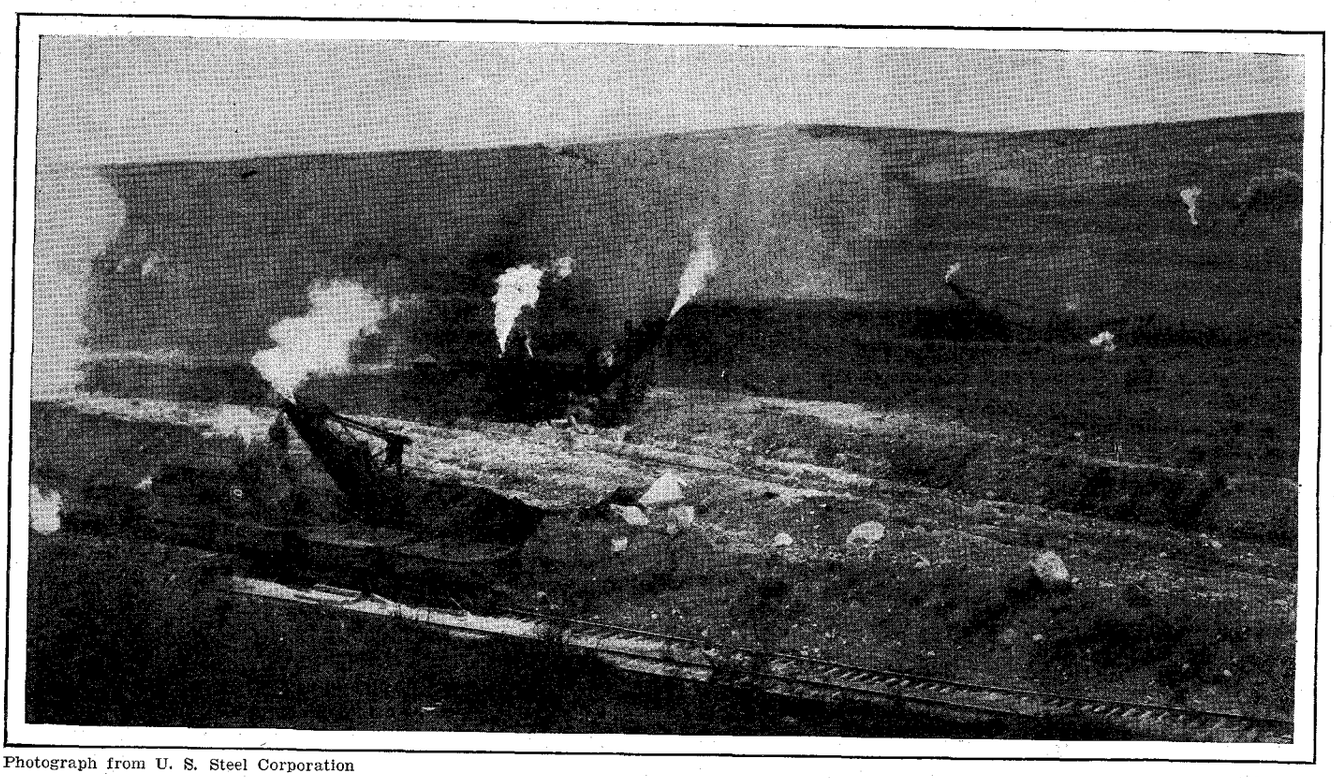

Photograph from U. S. Steel Corporation

"The white plume of the steam-shovel still flecks the industrial landscape"

The Shovels of Brobdingnag

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE engineer, like the victor of Ivry, has his white plume. It beacons a beneficent warfare. It marks the battle-grounds where man gashes hills, disembowels mountains, loots the treasures of the earth. It is the insigne of puissant deeds deserving of honor and glory, medals and monuments.

The white plume of the steam-shovel still flecks the industrial landscape, but its day is passing. Like the black banner of the locomotive, it is beginning to look anachronistic. Power-shovels devoid of the familiar steam cloud made their appearance more than a decade ago, and have since become common. To-day a Panama Canal would probably be dug by electricity rather than steam. Electric shovels of titanic proportions are scooping iron from the soil of Minnesota. Shovels driven by gasoline and heavy-oil engines are said to be the most economical of excavators. Compressed-air shovels are performing novel underground feats in the building of the new Philadelphia subway.

Yet hardly a generation has elapsed since the now quasi-antiquated steam-shovel became a standard implement of engineering. Its invention lagged far behind that of mechanical dredges, the earliest of which date from the fifteenth century, while steam-dredges were known at the end of the eighteenth. The man who conceived the idea of excavating dry land by steam power was named William S. Otis. His first "crane excavator," as he called it, was built in 1836 and patented in 1839. This machine had much the same general aspect as the steam-shovel of to-day, the most conspicuous point of difference being that a vertical cast-iron mast was the principal support for the boom and dipper. It helped grade some of the pioneer railroads; first, the Western Massachusetts (now the Boston and Albany), and later the Baltimore and Ohio. Two shovels of the Otis pattern were sent to Russia for railroad work and one to Peru to dig guano. For nearly half a century railroad building was the only common employment of the few steam-shovels in use, and it was the active railroad expansion of the eighties of the last century that popularized this kind of machinery and led to its widespread adoption in other branches of engineering. In the nineties steam-shovels were used in the cutting of the Chicago Drainage Canal and were first applied to what has been ever since their most romantic task, the digging of ore from open-pit mines. Then, in the first decade of the present century, came the spectacular object-lesson in power-shovel efficiency afforded by the historic enterprise at Panama.

The power-shovel is but one of several excavating devices, including the drag-line excavator, the trenching machine, and the blasting charge, that have spared the muscles of men an incalculable amount of labor. The largest power-shovels now in use handle ten cubic yards of material at every dip. This operation of a fraction of a minute is just equal to the standard task of a man with a hand-shovel working through a ten-hour day, and the comparison ignores the common case of material too hard or too heavy to be dug by hand at all. The ordinary railroad shovel replaces about a hundred manual laborers, and one of the small shovels used in grading highways, digging foundations, and the like about fifty.

Shovels of Brobdingnag that might be wielded with ease by men of Lilliput. That is one of the miracles of modern industry.

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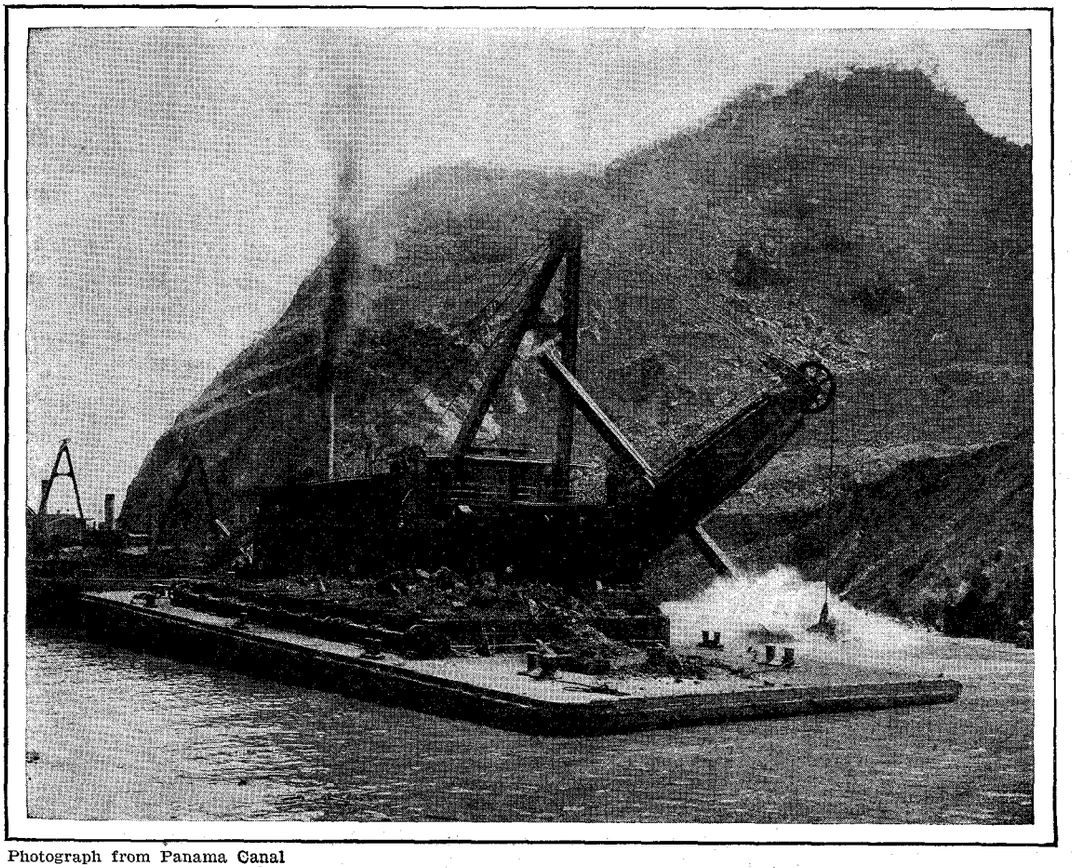
Another Member of the Shovel Family—the Trenching Machine

Power-driven shoveling devices form a numerous family. Some dig, while others, such as the grab-bucket, merely move material. Here is one of the most striking of the diggers—the "ladder" type of trenching machine. The buckets, attached to a pair of endless chains, dig and hoist the earth, which is deposited beside the trench by the belt-conveyor seen at the left. The machine moves slowly forward as it digs. In another style of trenching machine the buckets are mounted on a big wheel. These devices first gained popular renown during the World War, when they were used for digging military trenches. Their principal peace-time use is to excavate for the laying of pipes and drains

Photograph from Harnischfeger Corporation



Photograph from Panama Canal

Mightier than Its Brother of the Land

This "dipper dredge" is similar in design and operation to the ordinary steam-shovel, but is considerably bigger than the biggest shovel ever built for use on dry land. It is one of three specially constructed to remove the material that obstructed the Canal at the Cucaracha Slide in 1914. The dipper has a capacity of fifteen cubic yards and weighs twenty-one tons. The ancestry of the power-shovel is traceable to the floating dredge, which had been widely used for river, harbor, and canal work long before the first land machine was built

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Homicide and Humanity

Memphis, the tri-State metropolis of the Mississippi Delta, reaps the advantages and the misrepresentations of its situation

By GEORGE MARVIN

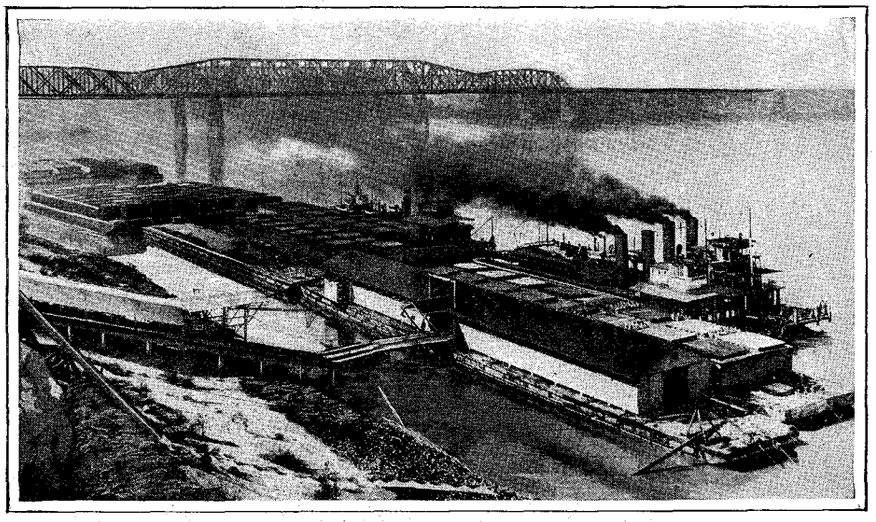
TENNESSEE is a long, slim State from east to west, and there is not much of mutuality between the mountainous east and the riparian west beyond their common and artificial State boundaries, their common geographical name, and their very uncommon Legislature, sitting at this writing at Nashville, and there outlawing for the entire State of Tennessee the theory and the teaching of evolution.

Typographically and socially, tumultuous eastern Tennessee belongs with the contiguous mountain country of Virginia and North Carolina. The western end of the State, bordering upon and feeding the great river, is uniform in character and interests with the neighboring alluvial counties of Kentucky, Arkansas, and Mississippi, which share the rich soil and the floods of the "Delta"—as all the river regions from Cairo south to the Gulf are known in the Middle West—together with the pork-barrel donations of the Federal river and harbor appropriation bills. Memphis, at the very southwest corner of Tennessee, if not a tri-State capital, is assuredly a tri-State metropolis. And thereby hangs its tale of woe and its pæan of prosperity.

About four years ago a self-constituted statistician in New York, whose figures were substantially adopted by an insurance company of National repute, put Memphis at the head of his, implied, National homicide column. "The metropolis of homicide," he called a fair city which is known in its own and neighboring territory as "Queen of the Valley." But the papers in Eastern, Northern, and Western cities took up the more sensational phrase and gave it the publicity which unsavory news or fiction has no difficulty in obtaining in our press. You know how it has been time out of mind with a dog and a bad name, even though the particular tyke be in reality the very mirror of canine morality. The Memphian phrase and the idea have stuck ever since. The statistician in question, rejoicing in his publicity, gets again periodically into print with his "homicide column," the same newspapers which distort lynchings out of all proportion to the average criminality or the law and order of States and smaller communities "feature" the high homicide rate of other cities than their own, and even neighboring towns in the Mississippi Valley will mention the Queen City as a modern Ashtaroth either with a shake of the head or a deprecating smile.

Nothing lies like statistics. Thinking people know this, but nevertheless even thinking people go on putting their faith in figures, just as they are prone to believe whatever they read in the papers; and of such shaky materials is public opinion built up in this country of free and generally unchecked-up statement. In the "homicide column" appear, not a roster of the cities of the United States, or even those of equal and greater population only, but certain arbitrarily selected cities. Municipalities whose percentages of Negro population most nearly approach that of Memphis and whose economic and social conditions very closely parallel its own, such as Atlanta, Birmingham, and New Orleans, are not included in the published tabulation. Nor are the figures for gross population of the several cities brought up to the date of the homicide estimate. The growth of Memphis has been exceedingly rapid in the last five years, showing an increase of 65,000—the total present population of Shreveport—or forty per cent, since the last decennial Census was taken in 1920. Its present population is nearly 230,000, with 40,000 more citizens registered in the immediate suburbs which depend upon the central municipality. The unofficial "homicide" figures, however, were based first on the Census of 1910, and only in the last instance upon those of 1920. As the calculations are figured on a per capita basis, their manifest injustice to Memphis may easily be perceived, none of the cities included in the selective list showing an increase of population approaching that of Memphis.

So much for that. But there are other, and wider, considerations. In discussing Memphis from a homicide point of view we inevitably are compelled to an appreciation of the much more impressive humanity of the city which has proved itself to be a queen in the charitable "queenes gardens" of its broad territory. In the brave old days of Mark Twain, when life on the Mississippi, as he with his fellow-pilots lived it, went with a roar like the panting exhaust through the twin funnels of their wood-burning steamboats; when pilots got $600 in gold for each round trip, "and, suh, we spent ev'y cent of it;" when "there was them octaroon girls whose voices was lik' music;" when sufficient unto the day were the chances thereof and no one remembered yesterday nor worried much about today or took thought for the morrow—



One of the new terminals built by the city of Memphis and used by the Mississippi-Warrior Barge Line, which handles bulk freight at a twenty per cent reduction from railroad rates. The probable beginning of a new era in Mississippi Valley transportation

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Where once bales of cotton were piled high along the Memphis levees hundreds of motor cars now find parking space, the cotton no longer being transported by the river

even in those days Memphis was known, from Cairo down to the Passes below New Orleans, as "the Good Samaritan" of the river cities.

When a man nowdays gets shot up over in the Arkansas "bottoms" where bootlegging flourishes and begets what usually goes with it, or when a Negro picker in the Mississippi cotton fields knifes another for "foolin' with his gal," somebody gets on the nearest phone and calls up Memphis. And one of the many hospitals of Memphis shoots an ambulance with a white-coated intern down to the bloody spot to salvage the casualty. If they die, they die in Memphis, and are charged up to the city's total of deaths due to violence. If Memphis reaps the advantages of being the financial and commercial capital of three States, it also pays the penalty of being the only well-equipped hospital and medical center within a radius of more than a hundred miles in every direction. That is putting it moderately too, for Louisville, Kentucky, on the north, Little Rock, Arkansas, on the west, Jackson southward in Mississippi, and Nashville seven hours by train eastward in the Tennessee hinterland are the nearest hospital bases for a populous community peculiarly subject still to abrupt demise. In 1920—when the statistician collected his misinformation—of cities having a population of more than 100,000, Memphis was fifth highest in non-resident deaths, and in 1923 17.7 per cent of all deaths registered in the city were non-residents. This relative proportion increases, and when we add the related fact that, with a combined present population having the very high colored percentage of thirty-seven, 94 out of a total of 113 homicides during the year of 1924 were Negroes, we can reach fairer and truer conclusions as to the civic conditions actually prevailing in Memphis, Tennessee. Inductive knowledge and pertinent related figures deflate balloon statistics.

Memphis is an instance, humanitarily and economically as well as homicidally, of the comprehensive territorial definition of several cities in the South. They are not in influence, in wealth, in assumed responsibility, or in their activities in interests merely municipalities circumscribed within the limits of their incorporations. Each is the heart, the center, of a territory far wider than suburban extension. A spider's web silvered with dew in an early summer morning—substituting for the malevolent insect a benevolent and co-operative city government with its markets, agencies, warehouses, and banks—provides a graphic illustration, familiar to every one, of the centripetal character of such growing city neighborhoods in the South as Shreveport, San Antonio, and Memphis. For example, Shreveport's outer filaments of administration and development spread over the adjoining parishes of Louisiana—as has been pointed out in the preceding article of this series—and far into the adjoining counties of Texas and Arkansas. Within that territory no other municipality exists to compete with or to challenge the centralization of the petroleum, cotton, and lumber industries which compose its agricultural and industrial life. Similarly, the enormous cattle ranches of southwestern Texas, the cotton plantations, and the newly developing oil fields of that territory compose a greater San Antonio, its outlying districts spider-webbed together and converging in fact and in thought towards their city center. And Memphis (express it in any way you like—in homicide, in cotton, in lumber, in motorized transportation, in banking, in merchandising, in Boy Scouting, in railroads, in inland waterways, in chambering of commerce, in journalism, and in humanity) rightly perceived and understood is a far-flung principality, corresponding somewhat in geographical definition to the mediæval city-state, but in operation subversive of political State lines as marked on the map.

If New Orleans, its southernmost city, is the natural port outlet of the Mississippi Valley, Memphis is the focus of a thousand miles of river-valley activities and interests. Its geographical situation was predetermined by nature on the Chickasaw bluffs, the highest terrain—indeed, the only high land—between the mouth of the Ohio and Natchez, on the east bank of the river, where Hernando De Soto on May 8, 1541, first viewed the muddy waters of the Mississippi. In De Soto's footsteps ten big trunk lines now radiate from the city north, south, east, and west, like a great star, with rails for rays. And on the bluffs where once old chief Chiska's tepees stood and smoked at sunrise and where Andrew Jackson laid out the first streets beetle and tower up the sky-scrapers which every American city now considers the denominators of progress. Sky-scrapers first grew on Manhattan Island because of congestion in a very limited island area and the rapacity of real estate operators. In other cities scattered over the continent, with plenty of elbow-room in every direction and building sites aplenty, sky-

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scrapers incongruously grow just the same—in Havana, in New Orleans, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, or Kansas City, in gentle hamlets of the Old Dominion and here in Memphis—born of the same rapacity and in emulation of the cliff-dwellers of New York. As hostages to unburied ideals of beauty and propriety, however, the "metropolis of homicide" has sunk more than two million dollars in a symmetrical auditorium, built by and for the people, wherein thirteen thousand of them may comfortably sit at one time, and it has erected for its halls of human justice one of the most beautiful structures in the entire South. In place of the tenuous gray spirals of smoke at dawning, a forest of smoke-stacks rising out of ever-increasing plants creates all day on the sky of Memphis the inevitable soft-coal smudge of industrial prosperity, their emanations, incense to the gods of trade, reinforced by the smoke from hundreds of locomotives hauling freight and passengers from or to the far and near of the richest producing area in the great mid-continental valley. The only two bridges across the Mississippi south of the Ohio, more than a mile in length, connect the city with the Arkansas shore and the rail labyrinths of the West, and under the bridge spans pass the big tows of the Federal "Mississippi-Warrior" barge service, each one laden with the capacity of several freight trains, on their way between New Orleans and St. Louis. These various arteries of transportation connect this tri-State commercial capital directly with 1,500 other towns in a trade territory where something like two and a half million people live and transact their intercommunity business, circulating into Memphis their trade, their financial affairs, and their migratory class of relatively undesirable citizens.

When in the early spring of 1914, eleven years ago, the author of the present series made a river pilgrimage from Kansas City to the Gulf, all this region of the lower Delta, dedicated from slave times to King Cotton alone, was undergoing the first throes of economic readjustment after being hit by the record floods of 1913, the boll weevil, and the scarcity of Negro labor in the fields. That readjustment has now taken place. Since 1913 no more disastrous floods have come down the valley, the ebb tide of Negro migration northward has set in, and the boll weevil deserves his share of the credit together with the Chambers of Commerce and the Rotary Clubs for the Farm Development Bureaus in Memphis and the other cities of the lower Mississippi section of the Cotton Belt. The proprietors of the three largest hotels in Memphis now provide their establishments with all dairy and hog products from their own "Gayoso" farm, fifteen miles outside the city. Their herds of thoroughbred Guernseys and Hampshire hogs are only one example of a dozen or more similar stock-farming readjustments which have made the Memphis territory more independent of outside sources of food supply. If the Memphian farmer can't sell his cotton now, he needn't starve. Memphis and its territory has learned that it can't make money on its staple crop if it has to import feed and food from the outside. And so solidly has the idea taken hold that when very recently, as a tri-State readjuster said, "that able crook, the Governor of Missisippi, undertook to veto our farm-development and experiment station, Memphis got busy. We wired the banks and the business men and the legislators and, by Jingo, we passed the thing over his veto!" No doubt the city has been built on cotton and lumber, as Shreveport has been built on these two commodities—plus emphatically oil. But the Chamber of Commerce assures you with its obliging figures that during the past year the combined butter, eggs, pork products, and vegetable crops nearly equaled cotton in value. This is a big change from the time, not more than a dozen years ago, when every small planter lived or died by one crop, protected by the dismal insurance of a razor-backed "hawg" and an almost equally razor-backed cow.

Cotton still remains king of the Memphis city-state, but hardwood lumber is a close queen, and many noble industries now crowd the commercial court. While it remains the largest inland cotton market of the world, cotton itself is much less in evidence than formerly in Memphis. The long levees that used to be piled high with uncompressed bales are now used as parking space for brigades of motor cars, and the old steamboats that used to heave and snort and sigh titanically, loaded to the guards with the valley's single crop, now done out of business by the railroads and hard-surfaced highways, languish as dingy relics of the long ago. Gone with the steamboats are the old cotton factors. The banks now advance the money, and f. o. b. shipments from the plantations have relieved the former picturesque congestion on the Memphis water-front and on her streets, although to the south of the city "the largest cotton compress in the world" covers nearly 200 acres of ground, substantiating the city's boast of being able to store more than 300,000 bales at one time.

The cotton industry needs Negroes, and a recent development in the economic strategy of holding the Negro in the South is to bring the mills down to him and the source of the cotton bolls By this process of mountain to Mohammed, already begun at Helena and Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Memphis is planning to become a center of cotton manufacturing as well as cotton growing and selling.

Left to yourself and your friends during active days of an early Tennessee spring in Memphis, you would miss the facts of trade and commercial development in the almost universal preoccupation of Memphians with human kindness. At the Rotary Club luncheon, where Billy Sunday's ex-chorus leader led the singing with a clarion note, a young ex-German infantry officer played accompaniments to the "Long, Long Trail" and the National hymn. *O tempora, o mores!* And the Rotarians talked, not of selling, but about the Community Fund and the Boy Scouts. You wondered how business got done in Memphis, so neglected it seemed to be for the business of life. While these lines are being typed Mayor Paine's bond issue, submitted to popular referendum both in county and city, is being voted through with a rush, the money to be devoted to school playgrounds, hospitals, parks, and public utilities. During the week of April 11–18 the Community Fund Budget of $550,000 was briskly raised and allocated to the twenty-eight appeals passed upon by the Community Council. The leading business and professional men in every department of the city's commercial organization got out and did this work themselves, not thinking their service done with mere contributions or nominal support. No city has a more vigorous Boy Scout cause—in that respect the whole town in sympathy are boys, "sold," as they express it, on the big idea underlying healthy, normal boyhood. This is the spirit of the city. It is not *blasé* for an hour in the day. It is having a mighty good time helping one another to make the most out of themselves. It is geared on health and "homes" and humanity.

On the morning The Outlook's representative detrained in Memphis a traffic policeman was shot to death as he went to the rescue of a woman threatened by her drunken and jealous divorced husband. The afternoon paper carried, side by side with the stories of the tragedy, tributes to the dead officer's character and heroism, and appeals for his widow and fatherless child. The next day, while the flare headlines of the murder faded from the front pages, that fund had grown into the thousands. Homicide had been swallowed up in humanity.

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Calvin Coolidge and His Job

By DIXON MERRITT
Washington Correspondent of The Outlook

(C) Harris & Ewing

The President and E. T. Clarke, personal secretary to the President, who has been with Mr. Coolidge since he was Governor of Massachusetts

THE White House is a place of mystery; the President, a man of mystery.

That applies to the President and to the home of the President at this time not merely, but to all Presidents that we have recently had—perhaps to all that we have had from the beginning—and at all times to the house where the head of the Nation lives and works. To the public the taciturn Coolidge is, essentially, no more a man of mystery than was the genial Harding; the accessible Roosevelt was no less a mysterious personage than was Wilson with his tendency to secretiveness.

The mystery that attaches to the President is inherent in the high office he holds. The mystery of the White House is not darkness, but dazzle—the glamour of the transcendent importance of what goes on there. To the mind of the private citizen the high iron fence around the White House grounds is a barrier beyond which common knowledge may not penetrate, and that impression holds though the gates be wide open, as they have been under Harding and Coolidge, just as strongly as when they were tight locked and Wilson sat solitary within the house.

Even the newspaper man, for whom there are few mysteries and those few not sacred, feels that among all the open doors there is a strong one doubly locked, its location concealed; one to which, if he could find it, his universal pry would constitute no key.

Inevitably, we misunderstand a place and a person so seemingly mysterious.

The most stupendous misconception in the American mind to-day consists in the belief that the work of a President is so heavy that human flesh cannot perform it without being exhausted. The plain fact is that the job of the President is an easy job—if he cares to make it so. It can become an unbearably difficult job only when he assumes burdens that should rest on other shoulders. In actual practice to-day it is a good, full, man's-size job, performed within reasonable hours—the sort of job that leaves a man at the end of the day wholesomely tired but not in any sense exhausted. There are days when the President has more work than he can do—long successions of days, even, when it must seem to him that never again can he escape from the mass of duties piled upon him. But that feeling is not exactly peculiar to a President. Newspaper men have it, and even Government clerks sometimes give expression to it.

Not within the past five Administrations at least has the Presidency been an impossible job. It is an easier job now than it was twenty years ago, and it was easier twenty than forty years ago. Processes are at work—have been at work this long while—which, as they make the work of the Government more efficient, lighten the load of the President. He still bears burdens that ought to be removed from him—that will be lifted if we are to continue the process of making the Government more efficient. To the end of the world, or at least to the end of our order of things, the President must go on bearing a great load of responsibility. If he is not capable of that, he has no business being President. But he does not have to be—and is not—pestered by a multitude of duties that break him down.

The best way to be certain of that fact is to see how Calvin Coolidge spends his days.

MR. COOLIDGE is out of bed before seven o'clock. He always was, no matter what job he had. With Richard H. Jervis, of the Secret Service, at his elbow, he goes walking, and he steps along at a pretty lively clip, usually through the parked places not far from the White House.

At eight o'clock, just when practically all other Government workers are doing the same thing, the President sits down to breakfast. He does not have to hurry so much as most others do because his office is not so far from his house. He is at his desk when the rest are, at nine o'clock.

After that, for a clear four hours, the President sits at his desk and talks to people who want to tell him something or from whom he wants to extract information. He does no other work than this during the morning except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when Cabinet meetings are held.

At one o'clock the President goes home to lunch, a privilege that not one

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Government worker in a thousand has. Frequently he takes some friends with him, and sometimes very important matters are discussed at the luncheon table.

In the afternoon the President sees no one except those who assist him with his work. He is not in to callers. He reads documents that require his attention, studies out the problems that he must solve, performs generally the real work of the Presidential office. Frequently he takes a nap, sometimes on a couch in his office, sometimes in his bedroom at the White House proper. The only afternoon interruption he has is on Friday, when he sees the newspaper correspondents.

About five o'clock—half an hour after the general run of Government workers have left their desks—Mr. Coolidge shuts up shop and goes for a walk with two members of the Secret Service as his inescapable companions. The parked places are not sought for the afternoon ramble. Frequently he goes through the main business district, stopping now and then in front of shop windows. When held up by traffic at street intersections, he usually catches the "go" sign before the Secret Service man does and is out at least three steps ahead.

By seven o'clock the President is home and ready for dinner. Sometimes he sees friends in the evening, but usually they are gone and he is in bed by a little after ten o'clock—when nearly everybody else in Washington is swearing at static.

And that is "all there is to" the routine of being President of the United States in the year 1925.

If it seems to you that this does not at all comprehend the multiplicity of duties that must be performed at the White House, the answer is that the White House is a business institution where employees, grown old in the service, do their own particular tasks without bothering anybody else about them. Except for the private secretary to the President—who is misnamed and should be called the political secretary to the President—the White House force does not change much from one Administration to another, or from one decade to another. A majority of those in important positions have been there twenty years, some thirty years, a few forty. And they are organized as a series of sifters, of finer and finer mesh the nearer they approach the President. No man gets through the last sifter unless he has real business with the President.

To make it perfectly clear how this machine works, let us suppose that you are in Washington with something on your mind that you think the President ought to know about. You go to the Executive Offices, which are in a long, low extension from the west end of the White House.

Just inside the door, or perhaps outside on the top step, you will meet Sergeant Dalrimple, of the White House police. Before you duly realize it you will have told him your business, and the chances are ten to one that you ought to transact it with one of the executive departments and not with the White House at all. If this clearly appears—as it usually does—the Sergeant will tell you so and direct you where to go; but if there is doubt about it, you are told to walk back through a corridor which seems rather dark.

Back there, at a little mahogany desk, is a man quite bald, rather red of face, plump, and clearly good-natured. He is P. E. McKenna, head doorkeeper, and he has been at that little desk for twenty-two years. What Sergeant Dalrimple does not know about where you ought to go Mr. McKenna does. After a word or two with him, it is likely to be perfectly clear to you that you do not want to see the President at all, but somebody else in the Executive Offices who knows a great deal more than the President does about your particular matter.

If your mission is really very important, you are shown through a door into a little office. A slender gray-haired man sits at a desk under a window. He has been sitting there for twenty-eight years. You are face to face with Rudolph Forster, the real director of White House affairs. His title is executive clerk. You may find that he can conclude your business for you in a minute or two and send you home happy. He may refer you to M. C. Latta, an associate who has been with him for twenty-five years. If your business requires the attention of the President, Mr. Forster will open the way for you into the round room where Mr. Coolidge works.

But very likely Mr. McKenna will not send you to Mr. Forster at all. Probably you seek information which can be best supplied by Judson Welliver, the newspaper man of the White House staff. Or, if your business is political—about an appointment or something of that sort—you go to Everett Sanders, the private secretary to the President, and from him, if there is really occasion for it, to the President.

Now there is a cut-off in Mr. McKenna's sifter, something like the slide in the spout of the old-fashioned thresher. It sends a part of the stream to Mr. Forster and diverts the other part to Secretary Sanders. Remember that. It is important.

But, whether the cut-off shoots you to Mr. Forster or to Secretary Sanders, you probably do not see the President, but come away satisfied, your business attended to. Suppose, however, that you come away dissatisfied at not having been permitted to see the President, walk up to Fagan's, at the corner of Seventeenth Street and the avenue, drop a nickel in the slot, call the White House on the telephone, and ask to speak to the President.

The voice at the switchboard is not the soprano that you are accustomed to. It is likely to be the bass voice of E. W. Smithers, who has presided over the White House switchboard for twenty-seven years. If it is not Smithers, it is one of his male assistants—there are no girl operators there—and Smithers is in reach of his voice. He has a cut-off in his economy too. You are switched on to Mr. Forster, or Secretary Sanders, or somebody else, as the nature of your case determines. Somebody will be found to attend to your business.

But probably you did not have time to come to Washington in the first place. You wrote a letter telling the President about this thing that he ought to know.

I. R. T. Smith, sitting under the front window of the privatest room in the Executive Offices, opens your letter. He has been opening the President's mail for twenty-eight years, and he had, to begin with, an uncanny faculty for knowing where a letter ought to go. This faculty has grown stronger with the years. It is witchcraft now.

Your letter, instead of going to the President, is probably shunted from Mr. Smith to the chief clerk of the Poultry Section of the Animal Husbandry Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. If it certainly pertains to a matter that the White House should handle, it is likely to land on the desk of Nelson P. Webster, who has handled many of the knotty ones for just as long as Mr. Smith has been opening them. And from Mr. Webster it may go to Mr. Forster, who writes three or four words in pencil in the upper left-hand corner. Then your letter goes to a correspondent, so-called—there are a number of correspondents, mostly women—who writes you the sort of reply that Mr. Forster has indicated by his pencil marks.

Possibly your letter is of sufficient importance to draw an answer dictated by Mr. Forster himself, but there is very little dictating at the White House. The correspondents know the right kind of reply for almost every letter. If you are writing of something political, your let-

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ter goes to Secretary Sanders. Or if you have hit on a subject peculiarly personal to the President, it probably goes to E. T. Clarke, personal secretary to the President, who has been with Mr. Coolidge since he was Governor of Massachusetts.

There is an off chance that your letter may reach the President. Mr. Forster or Mr. Clarke or Secretary Sanders may take it to him and ask what he wants done about it. The President will give his instructions in a few words. A few—a very few—men receive a letter that the President himself has dictated, but your chance of getting one is extremely slim.

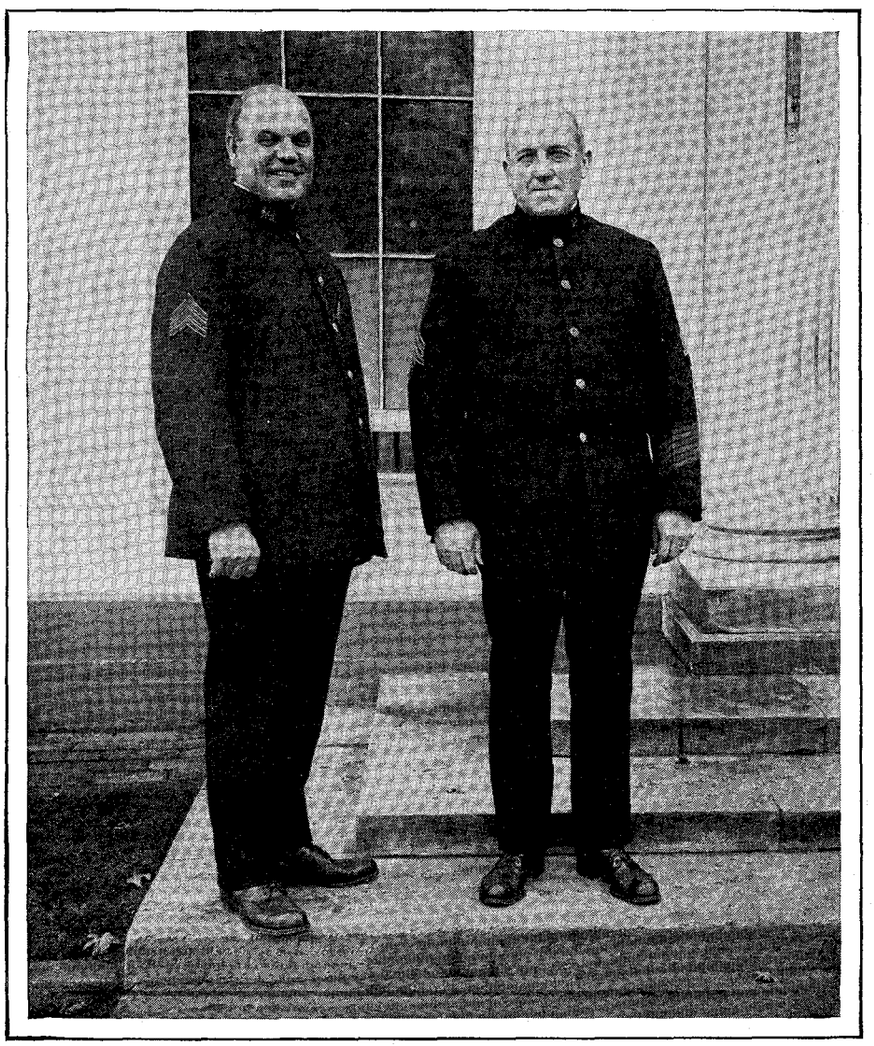
Time was—twice—when letters actually composed by the President were not so uncommon as they are now. Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson dictated a large percentage of the letters that bore their names. No other President of recent times has done so, and Mr. Coolidge does less of it than most of the others did. But even Mr. Wilson dictated an average of not more than twenty-five letters a day, and President Roosevelt only slightly more.

The total number of letters answered at the White House in an average day when Congress is not in session is about 150. When Congress is in session, the average is about doubled. Under exceptional circumstances, the number may shoot up to 1,000 a day, and even more. But the regular run of mail to be answered at the White House is not heavy. Many an obscure office in an executive department handles several times as many letters.

WHEN a Message is to be written, or a speech, the President does not write it in the sense that the ordinary man understands as writing a speech. When the Message to Congress is to be prepared, the White House asks the various Cabinet officers and heads of departments for material which they think should be included in the Message. Each Cabinet officer sends word down the line to his bureau chiefs and his specialists on various subjects. Finally, a great mass of memoranda comes to each Cabinet member. His assistant, a specialist on information in that department, digests them, and this digest forms the basis of a memorandum which the Cabinet member sends to the White House for inclusion in the Message. The White House staff goes over this material, sifts out the least important, arranges the more important, and informs the President of what is on hand. He decides which of the many subjects shall be treated in his Message, and the material bearing on those subjects is whipped into shape for his use. A corps of able assistants are at the call of the President for the final preparation of the Message.

When this point was reached, Wilson used to sit down at a typewriter and peck out the Message with his own fingers, but other Presidents have performed the task in a less laborious way. Wilson produced better literature than most of the others have done, but the others have dealt just as adequately with current problems. A Message of the President is no less a Message of the President because it is not actually written or even not actually dictated by him.

For special Messages and speeches on special occasions requests for material do not go to all the departments of the Government, but only to those whose work bears directly on the subject. The process, however, is the same.



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"Just inside the door, or perhaps outside on the top step, you will meet Sergeant Dalrimple [left], of the White House police"

THE persons so far noticed are only a few of those who aid the President in his work. The social side of the President's job constitutes no small part of the total. The aids on that side are no less efficient than those on the official side.

Inside the main door of the White House proper is the office of the head usher. I. H. Hoover has presided over it for twenty-two years and has been connected with it for almost forty years. All who enter the front door are routed by him.

There is a social secretary to the President's wife. Miss Laura Harlan, one of the newest of the regular White House staff, occupies this position. But assisting her in her work is W. E. Rockwell, who has worked on the social side of life at the White House for a great many years. Under the direction of Miss Harlan and Mr. Rockwell the bulk of the preliminary social work is done.

When social functions are actually on, the burden falls on Colonel Cheney, military aid to the President, and on Captain Andrews, naval aid and commander of the Mayflower.

The President has many assistants in various of his duties who are not on the roll of White House employees at all. Any employee anywhere in the Govern-

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ment may be detailed to the White House. A law passed a few years ago put a stop to the making of details from one department to another, but the White House was specifically excepted.

The Secret Service men, about a dozen of whom are constantly on duty at the White House, are employees of the Treasury Department and under the supervision of Secretary Mellon. All of the household servants, all of the doormen, all of the gardeners and laborers about the grounds, are on the pay-roll and under the supervision of the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds of the District of Columbia.

W. M. Parnell, a bonded custodian, is responsible for the safety of every teaspoon in the White House. Likewise Arthur Brooks, another bonded custodian, is responsible for all the property in the Executive Offices, down to the rubber bands and paper clips.

TAKE it all in all, the White House staff is one of the most comprehensive and one of the most efficient business organizations in the Government not merely, but anywhere in the United States. Every President when he begins his duties has ready to his hand something that most men strive for through a lifetime and few ever attain—a staff of tried subordinates, each a competent specialist in his own line.

That sort of organization anywhere in the world renders the job of the "boss" not burdensome. There are men who work excessively hard despite such assistants, but these men are the exception in finance or industry or any other line of work. So they are in the Presidency. Old employees and former employees of the White House, some of whose memories go back for more than sixty years, say that there have been four Presidents since the Civil War who were exceptionally hard workers—Wilson, Roosevelt, Cleveland, Johnson. For the first and the last of these, though they would probably have worked just as hard under any circumstances, hard work was made necessary by the turmoil of war and of the aftermath of war.

The heart of the present misconception of the terrible weight of the President's work is in the belief that two Presidents recently have been worked to death. The fact is that Wilson, though he was one of the hardest workers that the White House has known, was in better health there than he ever was anywhere else. He came to the White House a frail man suffering from a chronic disease. He had worked himself to death in his years as a teacher. It was his custom all his life to work

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"About five o'clock . . . Mr. Coolidge shuts up shop and goes for a walk with two members of the Secret Service as his inescapable companions. . . . By seven o'clock the President is home and ready for dinner"

ceaselessly for days on end, until he was exhausted, and then to sleep the clock around twice. He picked up weight and vitality after he came to the White House. The improvement in his appearance was a marvel to those who knew him earlier. The war, the trips to Paris, the final trip to take his appeal to the country—these did break him down, but he would probably have died sooner than he did if he had never left Princeton.

Harding was almost the opposite of Wilson in nearly every particular. Hard work was out of his line. The duties of the Presidency irked him terribly, but it is not true that the weight of responsibility wrecked him. Those who knew him at work say that he was practically impervious to worry. Harding simply got sick and died. If there is anything more than that to the story, it is locked behind that secret door to which the pry of the reporter does not constitute a key.

We have now in the White House another man who came there none too robust. Mr. Coolidge has gained eight pounds since he became President, and the change in his appearance, while not as striking as the improvement that Wilson underwent, is marked. Very clearly, he is not a man worked to death. His former private secretary, Mr. Slemp, recently said in a magazine article, "Calvin Coolidge will thrive on the tasks of the Presidency."

THE writer of these lines admits that the convictions here expressed are, in the main, new to him. He had accepted the common belief that the President is the hardest-worked man in America. Several weeks of importunity at the doors of most of the offices in the White House, evenings spent with men and women who formerly worked there, an honest effort to come at an understanding of the work done at the White House, have convinced him that all the talk of creating the office of Assistant to the President or of making the Vice-President an active assistant is buncombe. The President has, perhaps, more and better assistants than any other man in the United States.

All of this does not mean, or even begin to suggest, that the job of the President is not a most exacting one or that he should not be relieved of many of the things that he now is forced to do. The plain fact is, as every American ought to realize, that the President should be as nearly as possible relieved of everything that distracts his mind from the right solution of the important problems which he, and he alone, must solve. There is as much work as any one man ought to do in deciding the big questions of state that come before the President.

The hopeful sign is that during all these recent years the tendency has been toward relieving the President of bur-

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dens and leaving him more nearly free to devote himself to uninterrupted study of the great problems of the country.

It was no great while ago that multiplied hundreds of private pension bills were passed at every session of Congress. The President was supposed to give consideration to all of these, and he certainly had to sign all of them. To-day the private pension bill practically does not exist and, under the system of handling compensation of World War veterans, is not likely to exist again in this generation, at least.

It was no great while ago that all applications for promotions in the Government service were supposed to pass under the eye of the President. Whether he actually gave close scrutiny to them or not, the pressure on him concerning them was almost unbearably heavy. To-day all promotions are made as matters of routine under Civil Service.

Less than twelve years ago postmasterships, the spoils of faithful Congressmen of the party in power, were dispensed by the President. He had to give attention to them, if not for the good of the service, then for peace in the party. To-day postmasters are appointed under Civil Service rules on the basis of competitive examinations.

More important than any of these is the fact that Congressmen are beginning to realize—the intelligent ones of them, at least—that patronage does not do them much good. A few salaried offices judiciously distributed used to make a Congressman almost invincible, but that is not true in an age of universally read daily newspapers and universally heard radio broadcasting. The interest of the Congressman in patronage is diminishing, and the pressure on the President is correspondingly less heavy. It is still, however, much too heavy.

Go back now to the little mahogany desk in the dark hallway where Mr. McKenna sits. Remember the cut-off in the spout that he controls, diverting the stream at will to Mr. Forster or to Secretary Sanders. The more of the stream that goes to Mr. Forster and the less that goes to Secretary Sanders, the lighter is the burden of the President. And this is no reflection on Mr. Sanders. The same thing was true when Slemp was there, when Tumulty was there. It has been true under all private secretaries, for they are almost exclusively political secretaries, and the trouble is inherent in the office.

Mr. McKenna's cut-off ought to be pushed permanently nearer to Secretary Sanders's side, turning a larger and ever larger proportion of the stream into Mr. Forster's bag.

The Civil Service to-day covers practically all Federal positions in Washington. Out through the country, except for branch offices of the Washington departments, it covers little except postmasterships. Collectors of internal revenue, United States marshals, a host of less important officers, are still appointed by the President. The rival claims of loyal party men are still pressed with all the ardor of Jackson's reign and the spoils system rampant. Differences between Congressmen and Senators still have to be composed in the making of appointments. The President still must employ the higher mathematics of politics to determine that the appointment of John Jones will mean 1,000 votes to the party, while the appointment of James Smith would mean not more than 750 votes at the most.

There is no more reason for exempting a collector of internal revenue from Civil Service rules than for exempting a postmaster—or, for that matter, the chief of a section in any department in Washington.

When we have relieved the President of his burdens which are mainly political, he will be able with our help to struggle along under his burdens which are purely official.

Of course, the party in power does not want this done. Equally of course, the party out of power does not want it done because it hopes to be the party in power next time. But there have been enough of patriots as distinguished from partisans to push the car of progress a long way on the road. There probably will be enough patriots to push it on to the ultimate goal.

The Council of Nicæa

By Rt. Rev. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D.

SIXTEEN hundred years ago this spring the first General Council of the Christian Church was held at Nicæa. The purpose of this paper is, first, to give a brief account of this Council; and then to ask what is its significance for us to-day.

THE Bishop of Massachusetts presents a graphic picture of one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the Christian Church.

I

THE causes of the Council of Nicæa were twofold: one within the Church, the other without; one dogmatic, the other practical. The dogmatic reason within the Church was what is known as the Arian controversy. Arianism had no resemblance to modern Unitarianism, as some people suppose. Arius was a presbyter of Alexandria who attempted to explain the relation of the Son to the Father. Christ existed, he said, before the world was, before time was; but he did not exist from eternity. "There was when he was not." Christ was still divine. Only before the remotest beginning of time, Arius undertook to describe his relation to the Father. This controversy lashed the Christian world into a furious storm. "Bishop rose against bishop," says Eusebius, "district against district." There were discussions everywhere. One could not ask the price of bread without being told that the Son is subordinate to the Father. In the streets, the shops, the home, the discussion went forward bitterly.

The second reason for the Council was practical and from without. The Emperor Constantine had announced himself a Christian, and the world made haste to stand beside him. In the year 323, having conquered his last rival for the Empire, he was confessedly the head of the civilized world. Only the civilized world was in confusion. Probably the chief reason which determined Constantine's conversion was that he saw in the Christian Church the one force in the world making for unity. Here and there in every country were Christians; scattered though they were, they were members of the same body. If, thought Constantine, he could make all the world Christian, then he could make his Empire one. But he was doomed to disappointment. When he examined closely the Christian Church, he found it torn by factions. First it was at Arles, later at Rome, again in Africa, that he made the sad discovery. Finally, he found the Arian controversy turning the important

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city of Alexandria upside down. Something must be done to make this unifying force (the Christian Church) united in itself.

There you have the two causes of the Council of Nicæa. Theologians were eager to settle this hard theological problem, and Constantine was eager to have them unite upon a solution. Therefore the Emperor sent courteous invitations to the chief bishops of the Church, especially those in the East; and, about the beginning of June, 325, the bishops began to arrive at Nicæa, in Bithynia, the place named by the Emperor. Each bishop was to have two presbyters and three slaves as his retinue. "They came," says Theodoret, "in carriages and on mules and horses and asses, with a speed which marked their extreme excitement." They were all the guests of the Emperor during their stay. There were, it is supposed, three hundred and eighteen bishops; and with their retinues they must have numbered nearly or quite two thousand. The little town was all agog with furor. The unlettered and the learned, peasants and nobles, aged and young, bishops and deacons, poured into the town. The older men bore marks of the persecutions. Many were lame because the sinews of the leg had been seared to prevent their escape from working in the mines. Others had lost the right eye. Others bared their backs to show the hideous traces of torture. They were men who had been ready to die for the Christian faith. The people showed a respect richly deserved.

Meantime, Constantine was in Nicomedia celebrating the anniversary of his victory over Licinius; but on July 5 he reached Nicæa to open the Council. No sooner had he entered the palace than the letters streamed in from most of the bishops present, complaining and petitioning against one another. Poor Constantine! How could he persuade these bishops to agree?

As the delegates began to take their places in the great hall of the palace, they found benches ranged along the wall on either side for the lesser dignitaries and chairs for the bishops. In the center was a throne, on which was placed a copy of the Four Gospels, to symbolize the presence of Christ. At the upper end of the hall, between the two ranges of seats, was a small gilded throne for the Emperor. Soon all were hushed. The delegates, seated in their places, awaited the coming of the Emperor. A step was heard outside; several officers of the Court who were Christians came forward to announce their master. The torch was raised. The whole assembly stood, and Constantine, sweeping in, passed down between the open lines to his throne. Very tall, he was clad in the dazzling magnificence of the Orient. He wore a diadem of pearls and a scarlet robe blazing with gold and precious stones. The bishops, who had never seen such splendor, were awed beyond measure. And the awe was not theirs alone. The Emperor was quite as much impressed by the assembly as were the bishops by him. He had announced himself a Christian, and here stood the leaders and guides of the Christian Church. They were men in terrible earnest; the marks of persecution told that. Emotion overcame him as he gazed right and left; his step faltered, the color rose to his cheek, his eyes fell, and when he reached the throne he stood motionless, till the bishops beckoned to him to sit down.

Before thinking of the action of this Council let us note one or two of the principal actors in its business. First there was Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, the most learned city in Christendom. He was a dignified old bishop; but beside him stood one more important, though insignificant in appearance. This was a young man of twenty-five, quick in speech, lively in manner, fair of face. He was the deacon who attended the Bishop of Alexandria. He riveted the attention of the Council by his arguments and was the force which made for victory. This insignificant deacon was the great Athanasius.

There was still another man from Alexandria who drew all eyes upon him. He was a presbyter, sixty years old, tall and thin, with a weary look as if he did not know how to hold himself together, often twisting himself into nervous contortions, looking wildly about as if in desperate pain. He seemed half fed, his hair was tangled, his clothes were awkward. Usually he was silent; but when he did speak, the sweetness of his voice, the charm of his manner, and the earnestness of his face touched men's hearts. This strange, unkempt giant was the heretic Arius.

At the Emperor's right sat Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, now famous as the father of Church history, then notable as the confidential friend of Constantine. As soon as the assembly was seated Eusebius rose and recited a poem, giving thanks to God because Constantine had triumphed over all his enemies. When he sat down, all were silent again. Every eye was on Constantine. Looking about upon them all, he bade them to unity. Thus the Council was formally opened, and the Emperor gave the presidents authority to begin the business. These presidents were probably the Bishops of

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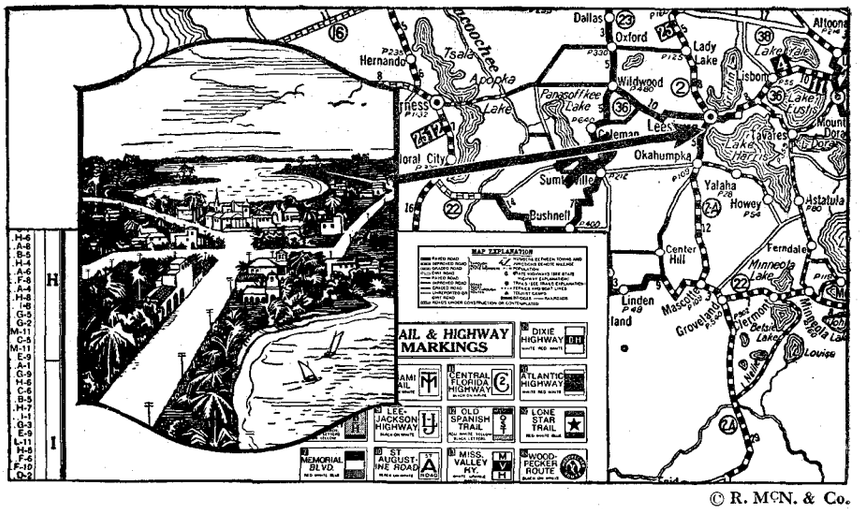
Alexandria and Antioch, and certainly Eusebius of Cæsarea and Hosius of Cordova.

When the discussion began, the historian says, the flood-gates were opened wide. Angry words flashed from side to side, most of them quite personal. The Emperor, sitting quietly on his throne, tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. At length he drew from his cloak the petitions which he had received. Every one now hoped that his particular grievance would be vindicated. The papers all lay together, bound up and sealed with the Imperial ring. Constantine, pointing to them, declared solemnly that he had not read one of them. Whereupon he ordered them burned in a brazier before the Council, saying, as they burned, "It is the command of Christ that he who desires to be forgiven must first forgive his brother."

This spectacle was a happy parable. It sweetened the air. Personal grievances were left behind, to make way for the real theological battle. Of the matters discussed and voted upon, I shall mention only one subject, and that the most important: the settlement of the Arian controversy. As in all great assemblies, there were three parties: a right wing with firm convictions, a left wing with firm convictions, and a large center open to new light. It was a free and open discussion. Both sides were heard to the full, and exact statements were required. The Arian wing was small but subtle and eager. Arius rose time after time to tell vehemently what he believed to be the truth. He grew so excited once or twice that he danced like an Eastern dervish and sang his theology to popular tunes of the street. Whereupon the bishops, after the Oriental fashion of showing dissent, raised their hands in horror, then put them over their ears and closed their eyes. Arius put forth a creed signed by a few of the Council, but a storm of disapprobation overwhelmed it.

Meantime the great speaker upon the moderate right wing was the deacon of Alexandria, Athanasius. Learned, clear, reasonable, he was evidently carrying the day, though his very ability made enemies.

The leader of the center, Eusebius, of Cæsarea, was at the start the most influential man of the Council, because known to be the Emperor's intimate friend. He read a creed which he said he had heard in Palestine from his childhood. It is almost our present Nicene Creed. It was satisfactory to the majority till Arius rose to say that it was satisfactory to him. Straightway the majority felt that stronger language must be found, definite enough to exclude any



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such doctrines as Arius had propounded to them. A letter was produced from another Eusebius, the Bishop of Nicomedia, in which he said that to assert the Son to be uncreated would be to say that he was "of one substance with the Father," which to him seemed absurd. At once this was seized upon as just the word for the emergency. It would make exactly clear in what sense Christ is divine. Some felt that the Father and the Son were confused. The problem was inconceivably difficult. It was a question of abstruse theology. The trained thinkers in the Council spoke from deep and reverent experience. They were trying to utter in clear terms the faith which was in them. The majority stood by the new phrase. Then they appealed to the Emperor. The Emperor again urged unity. The party of Eusebius was hushed, and gave its assent. Silence fell also upon the party of Athanasius. This left only a few Arians still objecting; so Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, rose and announced the completion of the Faith or Creed of the Council of Nicæa. Accordingly the secretary was instructed to read this Creed, which is almost the so-called Nicene Creed of to-day:

> We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of all things both visible and invisible:
>
> And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father, only begotten, that is to say of the substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, both the things in heaven and the things on earth; who for us men and for our salvation came down and was incarnate, and suffered and rose on the third day, went up into the heavens, and is to come again to judge the living and dead:
>
> And in the Holy Ghost.

Here the Creed properly ends, and there follows an anathema upon those who do not agree with its doctrine. This appendix was afterwards dropped and at a later council the concluding words of the Creed as we have it to-day were added.

Constantine at once, not only gave his assent to this decision of the bishops, but even took active measures to banish all who refused to subscribe to the Creed as thus set forth. Arius was denounced as if a heathen, and his books were ordered burned. To most of the men, it is supposed, the recital of this noble Creed was not so much an accurate statement of profound theological doctrine as it was an honor to their Saviour. There was some delay in signing it, and some of the bishops stated their interpretation as

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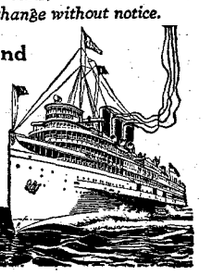

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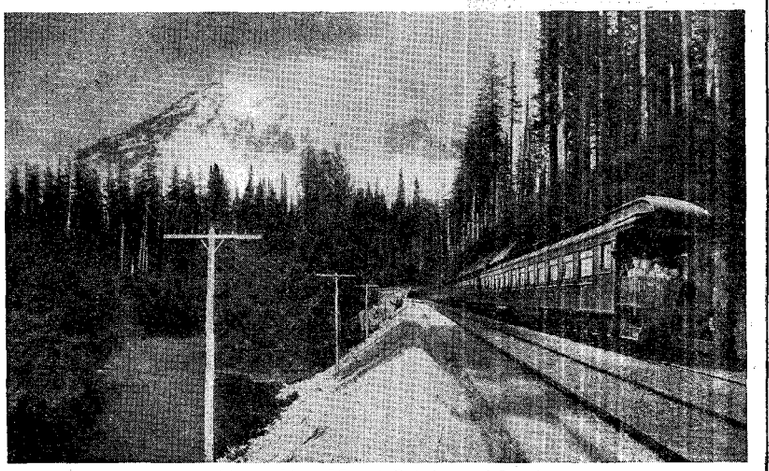
they signed. It was not final, for other councils were called, and the theologians still contended; but it was a bulwark. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Œcumenical Council of Nicæa," said Athanasius, "remaineth forever."

Though slight changes were subsequently made, this Creed has held its own through Christian history. It is a breath of human experience touching the life of God. It was wrought in the struggle of keen minds, minds certainly quite as keen as we have had since in the world. These men had suffered for Christ; they knew what he had been to them in places hard and deep. They were intent upon the New Testament and upon Christian experience since the New Testament was written. And they had the supreme medium of the Greek language, with its sharp clearness and its minute distinctions, in which to give their experience and their thought due expression. Of course the best of them had limitations; and of course all that is human is inadequate to express the reality of God's message to man. But it was a great moment in the life of the world. The exalted phrases of the Nicene Creed have been a gift to men which the Christian centuries have cherished and will continue to cherish. It is wrong to think of this Creed as mere dogma. It reflects immediate experience. It is trust, love, life.

Other subjects were discussed, but on July 25 the Council came to an end. The Emperor rejoiced in the result. He believed that the Church was so nearly one that it could unify the world. Acesius, though he believed all that had been declared in the Council, would not subscribe to it, because he had a grievance with which he would not part. He wished to exclude all who did not agree exactly with him. "Ho! ho! Acesius," cried Constantine; "plant a ladder, and climb up into heaven by yourself!"

The result of the Council was quite different from the anticipation of the majority of its members. They had come with a variety of ideas and plans. Not one of these was definitely accepted. The decision was not a compromise. It was a declaration of truth defined by free men in council, speaking frankly the thoughts of their hearts out of a living experience. Arianism was not dead. Indeed, it seemed stronger after the Council than before. But at last it disappeared, and the doctrine enunciated at Nicæa became the Creed of the Church. These men of Nicæa had the conviction that their deliberations were not simply their own reasoning one with another; but through the sense of unity, hardly won, they had waited for the voice of



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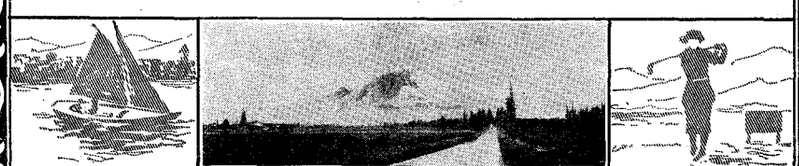

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For you and your relatives and friends who are puzzled about where to find a summer cottage or an all-year home or *any* real estate—the easiest way to solve the problem is to turn to pages 118 and 119 of this Outlook. You'll find a variety of reliable offerings.

Vacation planners will find the Classified Advertising Section interesting. If you are on the other side of the fence, and have a vacation service to offer, you'll find it *particularly* interesting.

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God, and what they spoke at last they believed to be given them by the Holy Ghost.

II

NOW what is the lesson of this Council for us to-day? In a word, it is a lesson warning us that we must trust the Spirit to do for our time what the men of A.D. 325 asked him to do for theirs.

As you glance back through the centuries, you see the peaks which catch the light. Greek thought, which was the expression of the civilized world, caught up the Christian message and in the early General Councils interpreted Christ in Greek terms for the fourth and fifth centuries. In mediæval and later art the Child of Bethlehem was throned in his mother's arms; but both Child and mother were not from the Palestine of the first century, they were from the country and time of the reverent painter. Christ had come into that country and that age, and spoke through its common life. The English language came to its richness in the days of Shakespeare; through that translucent medium we have the Gospels not only according to the four Evangelists, but, in addition, according to the glowing utterance of a great age.

Now we are in an age of scientific discovery. It is an age tingling with the poetry of a vast world revealed by telescope and microscope and the genius of men. The God who is revealed through modern geology and astronomy and biology and chemistry is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We may not keep the faith by any easy lip service, by any parrot-like repetition of what previous ages have said about him. We must bring whatever the world is telling us now about God and mingle it with the pristine message of the Gospel itself. Christ must live in the terms of the experience of our own day.

There must be another daring attempt to gain unity. Differences now are probably not greater than they were at Nicæa. The layman to-day would probably say as sharp rebukes to warring ecclesiastics as Constantine said to the three hundred and eighteen bishops who accepted his invitation. "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them," is an invitation sounding over the world through all Christian years. Therefore, in this our day, for those who care, for those who stand shoulder to shoulder as followers of Christ, for those who together await the coming of the light, there is the same opportunity to see more deeply into the mystery of the truth.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Parnassus and Thereabout

Reviews by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WHAT should you conjecture that Dionysus, who is Bacchus, would think of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? And you would be perfectly right. No less a poet than Edwin Arlington Robinson has had an interview with the erstwhile jovial deity, from which interview, as reported in the title poem of Mr. Robinson's latest book, "Dionysus in Doubt"[1] it is plain that the god of wine is strongly opposed to prohibition and other limitations of the freedom of the individual to work out his own salvation or damnation. Dionysus darkly intimated that we were in a bad way; and Mr. Robinson appears to have been approaching the point of beginning to contemplate the advisability of suggesting that his visitant might be more explicit,

> When dazzlingly, from all around,
> There was a quiet lightning everywhere.
> I heard what might have been the sound
> Of silence burning in the air;
> And there was no god there.

Certainly that is the way a god ought to vanish. Dionysus reappears at the end of the book in colloquy with a coarse, rude, opinionated person or personification named Demos, who may be pardoned for resenting the intrusions of a somewhat discredited Greek divinity. There are also a dozen well-wrought sonnets and two other longer poems in which nothing happens, but states of mind are reticently and guardedly illuminated by indirect lighting in the fine Robinsonian manner.

Under the well-chosen title "Ph. D.s"[2] Leonard Bacon presents "The Dunbar Tragedy" and the semi-tragedy of "Sophia Trenton," two effective satires on the futile pedantry that so often marks professorial dissertations and student theses in the pursuit of advanced university degrees. In both poems Mr. Bacon has closely followed the meter and the manner of Byron's "Don Juan." Though all allusions to "technique" are barred by the author's expressed detestation of the word, still Mr. Bacon must be reminded that identity of terminal sounds, as in "catalogued" and "waterlogged," is not rhyme, and that aberrations of this order, together with "cockney rhymes," such as "bystander" and "propaganda," should be avoided for the adequate reason that they disappoint and offend the trained ear expectant of true rhyme. But it is good work, with a definite point well made.

The best piece in the posthumously published "Azrael, and Other Poems"[3] of Robert Gilbert Welsh is the delightful "With Walton in Angle-Land." The editor should have omitted "The Voice from the Silence," seeing that basically the same Oriental legend was more effectively told by the depredated Mr. Longfellow.

Speaking of editors, a good editor would have greatly benefited "Bitter Brew, and Other Poems,"[4] by Cale Young Rice, which does not live up to the author's bountiful array of enthusiastic press notices. Poems that are worthy of the poet's best powers, such as his "Death Portraits," are marred by association with others that do not ring true, by the false sentiment of "The Accused" and the absolute banality of "Compensation."

They say that in flippant London the current perversion of a proverbial phrase is "As dull as Drinkwater." No, that isn't quite fair; and yet John Drinkwater's poems[5] are certainly not as interesting to read as his "Abraham Lincoln" was to see. And when Mr. Drinkwater describes the feet of a beggar as,

> Mopping the puddled road with pads
> Long worn in guttered Iliads,

[1] Dionysus in Doubt. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[2] Ph. D.s. By Leonard Bacon. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

[3] Azrael, and Other Poems. By Robert Gilbert Welsh. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

[4] Bitter Brew, and Other Poems. By Cale Young Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

[5] New Poems. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

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what does he mean by "Iliads"? Could he possibly have intended "Odysseys," which is an allowable metonym for "wanderings"? In his translations of German lyrics Mr. Drinkwater is guilty of the old error of clumsily reproducing the German idiom. Thus the first stanza of his version of Uhland's "Departure" reads:

So am I from the town departed
Where long it was my lot to dwell,
And I am on my way stout-hearted
Though none are met to say farewell.

That in its phrasing and its inversions is patently German, and not English.

All the brief lyrics in Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's small collection,[6] whether they sing of Africa or elsewhere, have the indispensable charm of spontaneity and sincerity. The poems in the section "African Exile" have the inevitable note of homesickness. To quote two stanzas of "The White Man's Heart:"

Oh, bright are the silvery hues
Of the catch in the narrow canoes—
But the heart of the white man yet
Hangs furled like an empty net.

Oh, sweet is the water poured
From the neck of the black girl's gourd—
But the white man thirsts the more
For the well at his father's door.

After this the poems, mostly sonnets, in "Mirrors,"[7] by Margaret Tod Ritter, though well done and honestly done and with fine taste and feeling, are less interesting to one ungrateful reader who has had more than enough of pipes of Pan, Arcady, Pierrot, supersensitive souls who are afraid of beauty, people who say "pouf!" and "Ma foi!" and world-weariness and bookishness in general. By way of atonement for the foregoing, Miss Ritter's "Sonnet to a Plow-Woman of Norway" and "The Visionary" are respectfully commended to your attention.

And now, should you really want to know what is the matter with our poetry, take a ramble through "A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse"[8] selected by Lennox Robinson; for here you will find in abundance perfect simplicity and directness and naturalness in expression with all the magic of indefinable and ever lovely implications. Here is James Stephens's supremely beautiful and touching "Deirdre;" Yeats's "The Wild Swans at Coole;" lyrics by Padraic Colum, "A. E.," Katherine Tynan, Nora Hopper, Seumas O'Sullivan, and many others who ought to be mentioned, together with translations from the Gaelic which, like Lady Gregory's version of "Donall Oge," leave nothing to be desired. If you have had more than enough of conscious impressiveness, obvious subtleties, elaborate phrases, involutions, pedantries, and, above all, of that false usurper psychology, take a vacation here in the realm of pure poetry where tales are told and songs are sung and the rich thought, deep feeling, and golden enchantment are implicit in the telling and the singing.

Limited as it is to verse in the Scots vernacular, John Buchan's "The Northern Muse"[9] competes at a disadvantage with the Irish collection; but it contains many admirable things that are not easy to come by. Among these are some of the best of the old ballads, unequaled for vigor—"Helen of Kirkconnel," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Bonnie George Campbell," and Sir Walter Scott's splendid fragment given here as "The Red Harlaw," which is equal to anything in the traditional minstrelsy. Here also are other favorites from Sir Walter, Burns, and Stevenson, Hogg's "Kilmeny," Jean Elliot's "The Flowers of the Forest," and such gems of dry Scotch humor as "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Hame Cam Our Gudeman at E'en." But where, oh, where is "Wee Willie Winkie"?

[6] The Venture. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.
[7] Mirrors. My Margaret Tod Ritter. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
[8] A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse. Selected and Arranged by Lennox Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.
[9] The Northern Muse; An Anthology of Scots Vernacular Poetry. Arranged by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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"QUACK!" By Robert Elson. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.

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aptitude for handling with agreeable naturalness and spirit, this odd novel manages to be more alive and interesting than many of its literary betters which are less obviously vulnerable to criticism.

LUCIENNE. By Jules Romains. Translated by Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

The average French novel in English translation is a queer hybrid. The reader, if he is like the present writer, is oppressed by the rigidity of its construction, the unreality of its characters, and the strange no man's language which they speak. "Lucienne" is neither better nor worse than the average, in spite of the profundities claimed for it by the translator in his preface. He says, in part, that M. Romains's characters partake of the dynamic being of the Absolute. In brief, it is the story of a young music teacher who is the rival of her two pupils for the affections of a distant relative of these girls. The publishers have designed a jacket which is a clever imitation of the familiar paper covers of French fiction.

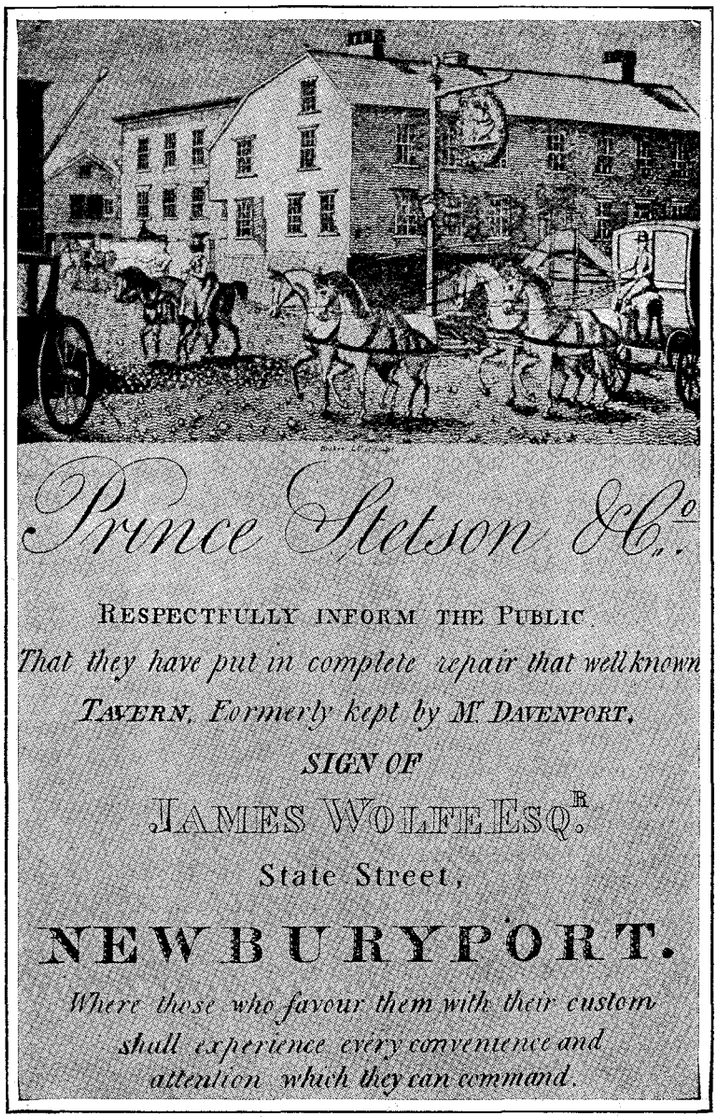
TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE. By Carveth Wells. Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, New York. $3.

On one side of the jacket of this book the publishers cannily invite one to "read about bouncing fish balls and other things," knowing full well that nobody is likely to refuse any such invitation as *that*. On the reverse Mr. Carveth Wells's autobiographical note shows that he has bounced more or less through life himself. His Introduction he sends from Lapland! Among the "other things" are fish that climbed trees and winked at him, deer which he shot and put in his pocket, birds that grew wings inside the egg, and birds that thrived on a diet of strychnine. Mr. Wells admits that he has an unusual way of making the truth sound like a lie, but he is supported by Charles Darwin, who called the Malay Peninsula "Topsy Turvy Land," and by a director emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History, who contributes a corroborative foreword. Being endowed as well with a keen sense of the ridiculous, he has so combined his experiences as a railway surveyor in the jungle with his unnatural history as to produce that not too frequent phenomenon, a book of travel which is hilariously amusing. The illustrations from photographs, while excellent, put no strain on the imagination.

WE VISIT OLD INNS. By Mary Harrod Northend. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $3.

Miss Northend, a skillful observer of colonial and historic American buildings, has visited taverns at Concord, Hillsboro, New Hampshire; Ipswich, Newburyport, Georgetown, Andover, Marblehead, Dennis, and elsewhere. In each of them she has discovered luster ware, or hooked rugs (honestly come by, in spite of their name), old clocks, or old wall-papers, tobies, or samplers. From her visits to these inns—a few of which are operating as public houses to-day—and from her observations of the antique furnishings therein she has compiled this admirably illustrated and entertaining book. Its contents furnish suggestions for motor trippers, and offer material to set the hearts of collectors aflame with cupidity.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PRACTICAL HINTS ON INTERIOR DECORATION. By B. Russell Herts. The Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas. (Little Blue Book No. 685.) 5c.

It is said that for the first time in this little pamphlet an attempt has been made to furnish an illustrated work on interior decoration for less than two dollars per copy. The writer has tried to crowd into sixty-four pages as much practical information as can usually be found in a large volume.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BOOK OF THE RANKS AND DIGNITIES OF BRITISH SOCIETY. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

This quaint and pretty little book, with its illustrations in color and in black and white, is "chiefly intended for the instruction of young persons." It was first published about 1805, and dedicated to a young Royal Highness of the day. It tells, in reverent language, all about dukes, viscounts, bishops, captains (and kings), aldermen, and sheriffs. Each has his picture, to enable young persons to recognize a marquess in full fig if they should meet one in their walks.

A new interest has been given the book by its recent attribution to Charles Lamb. Lamb once wrote a playful letter, saying that he had written such a book, and now Mr. Gabriel Wells and Mr. Clement Shorter think that this may be "the long-lost Lamb." Mr. E. V.

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A Baron

Lucas, an eminent authority, finds no trace of Lamb's hand in it, and the extreme gravity of the text strengthens this opinion.

Notes on New Books

GASOLINE, WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT. By T. A. Boyd. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

Many of us, who merely jump aside with anger in our hearts as we narrowly escape destruction when the motors whiz by, know nothing about gasoline except that it makes a most evil smell. But the author of this book has some two hundred pages of information which he believes we should all possess, and which he is willing to share with us. Incidentally, he is head of the Fuel Section of the General Motors Research Corporation.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET. By George MacDonald. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

This is a study with the text of the folio of 1623. It was first published in 1885.

ETHAN QUEST: HIS SAGA. By Harry Hervey. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

A romantic novel, the last part of which is about adventure in the Far East.

MENTAL HYGIENE AS TAUGHT BY JESUS. By Alexander B. MacLeod. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

"An attempt to outline and illustrate the principles of mental hygiene that governed the pedagogy of our Lord."

CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM. By Ian C. Hannah. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

By the Professor of Church History at Oberlin. A history of the orders of monasticism and of the monks as missionaries, statesmen, soldiers, writers, and painters.

MOON HARVEST. By Giuseppe Cautela. The Dial Press, New York. $2.

A novel about an Italian immigrant. The author is said to be a barber in New York City.

THE PASSER-BY. By Ethel M. Dell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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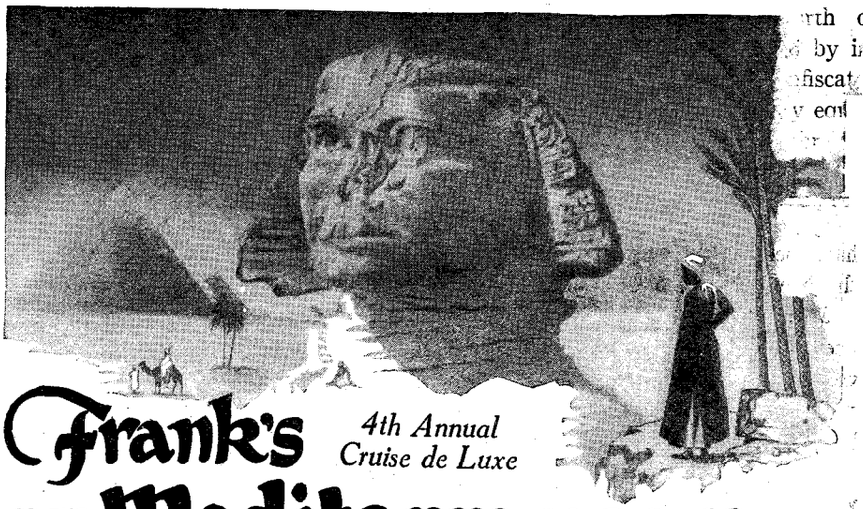

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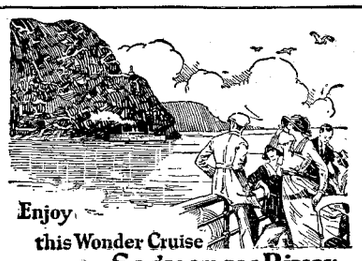
THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



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Send 2c postage for illustrated booklet, "Niagara to the Sea," including map and guide, to John F. Pierce, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., 121 C. S. L. Building, Montreal, Canada.

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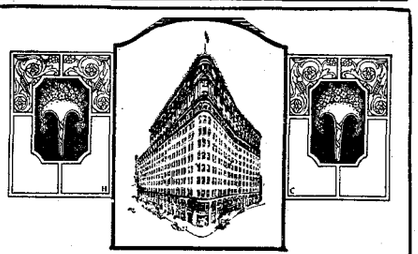

Individuality

THE mania for standardization has not robbed The HOLLENDEN of individuality and inherent charm, yet the spacious rooms are replete with every modern appointment which could contribute to comfort and convenience.

Aside from the convenience and home-like comfort which one finds here, there is a distinct feeling of hospitality that is most grateful and pleasant.

The Hollenden Crystal Dining Room is one of the famous restaurants of the country, with a cuisine which will delight the most fastidious palate.

In Cleveland—it's
THE HOLLENDEN

out it merely remarks that she doesn't think that any of Miss Dell's books are good, but that this was worse than su[illegible] She did read it to the end, however.

SIXTY-FOUR, NINETY-FOUR! By R. H. Mottram. The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

A novel about the Great War. It received in England the Hawthornden Prize for the best piece of imaginative literature by an author under forty published in England in 1924.

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN PRISONS. Compiled by the National Society of Penal Information. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Tabulation of statistics and information about the prisons of New England and the Middle Atlantic States.

ARMINGTON. By Clarence Darrow. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

A novel first copyrighted in 1904. The author is the famous lawyer who, as his publishers remind us, did much to save alive for a grateful world those rare spirits, Mr. Loeb and Mr. Leopold of Chicago.

A GUIDE TO THE TREES. By Carlton C. Curtis. Greenberg, New York. $1.50.

By the Professor of Botany at Columbia. A brief and convenient book, well illustrated with line drawings of foliage and fruit and arranged to enable the user to identify North American trees.

AUCTION BRIDGE SUMMARY. By Wilbur C. Whitehead. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

The principles of bidding and play for beginners and advanced students of auction bridge.

TEA-ROOM RECIPES. By Lenore Richards and Nola Treat. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A book of recipes for the managers of tea-rooms. It can also be used for cooking at home. Contains recipes for soups, entrées, the cooking of vegetables, salads, sandwiches, ices and other sweets.

By the Way

DID you hear about the Scotchman who walked twenty miles to see a baseball game, and when he got there he was too tired to climb the fence?

His wife wanted a ride in an airplane. So he asked the man how much he charged for a ride. The man replied, "$20 for an hour's ride, providing you do not talk." The wife and he got in the plane and went up for an hour. When the plane landed, the owner of the plane said: "Well, it is $20. You didn't talk, did you?" "No," said the Scotchman, "but I came very near it when my wife fell out."

From "Punch:"

Waiter—"This night, sir and madame, we have ze pouding English."

Lady Visitor—"What pudding is it?"

Waiter—"I not know, madame, how he call himself; but ze uzzer visitors English who have eat it zey call it 'Beezlymuck.'"

SIN SAT ON A TIN TAR TUB

Take all the letters in the above sentence and put them together to form one word. This is an improvement on the letter game we have all played.

Answer to last week's enigma: Also.

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